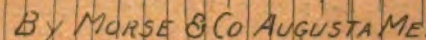


ALL





# THE GHOST OF WUN LUNG.

By HAROLD KINSABBY.

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JUST before midnight on the 9th day of December, in the year 1881, I saw a ghost.

Prior to that time I was not a believer in such things.

I state these facts clearly and unqualifiedly at the outset, in order that the reader may at once know that I appeal to his intelligence, not his credulity, and that he may promptly prepare himself for the contemplation of something actual and real, not fanciful or imaginary.

I may add, with equal candor, that I am, generally speaking, a truthful man; absolutely so when I come to the discussion of ghosts.

If, therefore, I fail to bring the reader face to face with some of the astounding mysteries of the spirit-world, the fault will be his, not mine.

A feeling of mutual confidence between narrator and reader may, under ordinary circumstances, be of little consequence. In this particular instance every thing hinges upon that point, for I am the only American now living who came into actual personal contact with the ghost aforesaid.

The one man of sixty-two millions!

And I am the sole repository of my secret.

Will I tell the secret?

Yes.

Will it be believed?

I don't know.

Some men may be willing to impart strange facts; they may be able to furnish logical reasons for the existence of such facts. But they are still unable to furnish the public with an understanding.

I belong to that class.

And I saw a ghost.

At the time of the startling experience I was visiting friends in San Francisco, whose home is charmingly situated near the summit of Nob Hill, that conspicuous eminence on California Street famous for its "Millionaires' Palaces," and once the threatened scene of "sandlot" riots. Among many other railroad magnates, bonanza kings, and silver queens, Ex-Governor Leland Stanford, the Crockers, and Mrs. Mark Hopkins then resided there.

On the particular evening in question I attended a theatre party in company with my host. At the conclusion of the performance we proceeded directly to his home, where, after spending an hour at whist, I retired to my apartments.

Here, in the enjoyment of a last cigar, I read two or three letters I found on my table, and also hastily glanced over several London papers that day received from a friend abroad.

After turning off the lights preparatory to going to bed, I stepped to a large bay-window to enjoy, as I had frequently done, the impressive panorama that lay below in the sombre silence.

There before me, just across the bay, whose fantastically scattered lights of red and green serve as guiding stars to the ancient mariner passing through the golden gate, lay Oakland, the beautiful city of rose-clad homes, filled with dreamers of perpetual sunshine. In the distance beyond, solitary sentinels of light stood guard over romantic hamlets and sunny homes that nestled among the foothills, here, there, and yonder. In the more immediate surroundings, palatial residences at my left, each standing by itself and all dark within, loomed up with awe-inspiring grandeur through the dim shadows. To the right, within the very shadows of this spectacle so suggestive of Occidental millions, and but a few blocks in front of me, I looked down upon acres of dismal roofs that sheltered never-ending scenes of Oriental misery—Chinatown!—with its forty or fifty thousand souls; its underground opium joints and gambling hells; its temples of wealth and piety, and dens of vice and penury.

As I turned from contemplation of the strange contrast presented by the scene, the silence of which was broken only by the ceaseless buzz of the invisible cables in the street below, I was startled by the signal gongs of two cable cars which passed each other directly in front of the house. Almost unconsciously I returned to my position at the window, and paused to watch the one disappear over the summit, while the other as speedily descended the long, steep hill, so steep that it is never trod by horses' hoofs.

I had stood but a few moments, when, suddenly realizing the lateness of the hour, I turned abruptly to go to bed. In doing so, my eye once more swept the hill-top just beyond, and—oh, horrors!

Was I asleep?

Was this the frightful vision of a dream?

From the tower, halfway down the hill, came the answer:—

Twelve o'clock.

I was awake.

With an icy shudder that chilled my breath and chained me to the spot, I looked upon the ghastly spectacle clearly outlined against the gloomy background by the light of the street lamp a block above.

I saw it moving. A human skeleton!—the skull, uplifted arm, and flowing shroud, all ghastly white—too real to be mistaken.

I saw it approaching!—gliding swiftly, noiselessly, through the air, above the middle of the street.

A gh— But pshaw! what nonsense! I am not superstitious. Such things are not, can not, be real. They are but the freaks of wildest fancy.

I tried to move. I could not. My eyes were riveted on the hideous sight.

I saw it coming, closer and closer. 'Twould pass below me, not a hundred feet away.

Determined that will and courage should conquer doubt and fear, I summoned all the strength that body and mind could give, and quickly moving closer to the window, so close that my face fairly touched the glass, I saw a ghost.

I am not easily frightened. I had often said that myself. People may also have heard me say that I enjoyed being alone. Yet, as I stood there in the darkness, my eyes fixed upon the vanishing figure, I somehow felt that I should enjoy company, particularly the company of one who, like myself, was not easily to be frightened.

I was, in fact, so strangely impressed with my condition of solitude, that without delay I lit the gas. Then I stepped before the mirror. The deathly pale and deeply agitated look I there beheld bewildered me. I tried to calm myself, change the current of my thoughts, when, just as I was reaching for my revolver and glancing about the room to see if all the doors were provided with locks, I suddenly recalled an incident which served to relieve somewhat the tension of my feelings.

One night, in company with an old hunter, I sat watching for kangaroos on the Murray River, in New South Wales. The supply of other stimulating topics having become exhausted during several hours of patient waiting, the whispered conversation at last drifted to ghosts, relative to which my companion entertained, as I found, very decided if not somewhat novel views.

In the midst of a long silence, during which I was kept awake by the wild fantastic shadows that now and then appeared on the dismal river and neighboring lagoons, I found the subject abruptly introduced by an unexpected nudge, followed by the startling question:—

"Ever see a ghost?"

"No," said I. "Did you?"

"Only last week I thought I saw one up in Queensland; but when I sprung my spook-test on the thing, I found that the ghost was all in my eye."

"Sprung what on him?" I said in great astonishment.

"My spook-test," the man calmly replied.



"What's that?"

"Never hear of it?"

"Never."

"I'll tell you. Suppose I think I see a ghost. Suppose I feel so dead sure of it that I begin to weaken. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand; go on."

"Well, in that case I brace up and ask myself a very simple question."

After a brief pause I inquired: "What question do you ask?"

"Says I to myself: 'Dick Bennett, be you awake?'"

"What then?" I continued after another pause.

"Well, if I find I'm not a dreamer, and can say 'Yes' to that, I go on and ask myself another simple question."

"And what's that?"

"'Dick Bennett,' I say then, 'be you sober?'"

"Next?" I queried after some moments of suppressed silence.

"If it so happens that I can truthfully say 'Yes' to that, I just ask one more simple question."

"What do you ask now?"

"Well, then I up and says to myself, says I: 'Dick Bennett, be you sane?'"

And by the time I get ready to say 'Yes' to that, I find that the ghost was all in my eye. Do you understand?"

"Certainly," I said, "I understand; and is that what you call—"

"I call that my spook-test," the man answered dryly.

"Have you often tried it, Dick?" I asked.

"Lots of times. And it's a sure winner every trip."

Here the old hunter began entertaining me with quaint reminiscences of Australian bush life, when suddenly a band of kangaroos claimed our attention. Our companionship was, unfortunately, limited to one night; and I always number Dick Bennett's unfinished narrative among the bits of wisdom I have missed in life.

Agreeable as the recollection of the foregoing incident was, just at that moment, the relief it brought to my troubled mind proved only momentary. For

presently I found myself again overwhelmed with visions of the frightful object I had so plainly seen.

Try as I would to banish the matter from my mind as a mere optical illusion, some fanciful shadow, a physical impossibility, the moment I began to calmly reason with myself, the result was always the same; and I was confronted with the awful fact that my eyes had not deceived me.

The more I analyzed my feelings, the more fearful the sensations that overcame me. I felt chagrined, afraid, ashamed, at the very idea of clinging to such a frightful belief.

Yet, with my own eyes as witnesses, my reason as counsel, my common sense as judge, and with my lifelong convictions to shame such a verdict, the conclusion was irresistible. I saw a ghost.

With this fact hopelessly before me, I concluded that all I could do was to seek forgetfulness in sleep. But could I go to sleep feeling the way I did? Without mentally debating the question, I decided I could not. So, lighting a fresh cigar, I began pacing the floor under the benign influence of this balm for man's burdens.

Presently, as if checked by some mysterious magnetism, I came to a halt. A horrible thought flashed through my mind. Had I, after all, been walking in my sleep? Were the hideous visions that haunted me but mere hallucinations of a somnambulist? Was I really awake? Good Heavens! I would see. I would try—

"The spook-test."

New courage came to me. I would ask myself the three simple questions, so simple in themselves, so sure in their result.

Without a moment's hesitation I began with number one.

Was I awake?

Confused, harassed, as my mind was, I felt positive on that point. I felt, in fact, extremely sorry that I was awake. Still, as I have already said, I belong to that class of men who, before accepting a fact, wish to make sure of a logical reason for its existence. Upon reflection, I remembered reading about the means sometimes employed in determining whether a person apparently lifeless is actually dead. It was mentioned, as I recalled, that the test, which consisted in the application of a hot coal or drop of burning sealing-wax to the person's body, was absolutely infallible; and the thought suggested itself to me that this would, of course, prove equally conclusive in ascertaining whether a person was awake or asleep. I quickly applied the burning end of the cigar to my wrist, and—I was painfully awake. Without the slightest hesitancy I said "Yes" to the first question.

Was I sober?

I felt equally certain of that. To the best of my recollection I had not been drinking. I must, however, have a positive reason for my opinion. Though I could not speak from personal experience as to intoxication, I was able to reason from the standpoint of observation. I knew that a man not sober would want to do one of three things,—sing, fight, or drink more. So I tried to hum a familiar air. The notes chilled in my throat. It was perfectly clear that I was not in a singing mood. Did I want to fight—perhaps the ghost? Never was I more opposed to such brutality than at that moment. Fearing I might change my mind, I locked the doors. Besides, the ghost I had seen was of such proportions—fully eight feet high—as to render him beneath my notice.

Was I thirsting for liquor? Decidedly not. The very thought of disturbing my friends by prowling about the darkness at that hour of the night was distasteful to me. I said "Yes" to the second simple question.

And this brought me face to face with number three.

Was I sane?

Of course I was. There was no insanity running in my family, and I hadn't killed any one to render me even temporarily insane. Still, my family hadn't seen what I saw that night; and I felt I must have some proof, some reason, to show that I had not suddenly become an imbecile.

I thought. I grew fretful. I sat down, and picked up a paper, in the hope that in a few moments I might be able to convince myself. I began reading. I failed to grasp a single idea. I turned to the next page. I could read, but could not understand. I examined the other pages with the same result.

There was no point, no reason, in what I saw before me. Excitedly I threw down the paper; then, taking up another, I tried to read that. The astounding fact remained, I could read, but not understand. I flung the paper aside, and took a third. No use; every thing appeared worse than a Chinese puzzle.

I jumped up dazed, frightened, trembling in a cold perspiration, when suddenly a ray of light shone through the darkness.

I was sane!

I had been reading "London Punch."

I had hardly gotten up, and had not yet realized the effect of the "test" on my mind, when the familiar signals of two passing cars again sounded in my ears.

With the air of a man upon whom it has just dawned that his sufferings have been "all in the eye," I stepped briskly to the window, and, smoking my cigar, I permitted my eyes calmly to follow the diverging cars. As the distance between them increased, I watched the one going down-hill until it had reached a point nearly two blocks distant, and then turned my attention solely to the summit over which the other had already disappeared.

During the sharp lookout I kept on the fatal spot, I became somewhat anxious; but this feeling speedily gave way when after some moments no signs of the unearthly sight appeared, and I was, as I have heard people say, "agreeably disappointed." Of course, I reasoned, the object I had seen ten or fifteen minutes before might never appear again and still have been a ghost. I confess, however, to experiencing at that moment a sensation akin to doubt stealing over me. But whether or not my eyes had, after all, played me a trick, I was now



ready to go to bed.

I therefore drew down the shade at the window to my left, and had already taken hold of the one directly before me, when my arm fell to my side as if paralyzed. With a loud whirr, the suddenly-released shade rushed upwards; and there, not thirty yards in front and below me, I beheld the shocking spectre gliding swiftly uphill. I stood spell-bound by the grim monstrosity.

Inclining slightly forward as it soared past me, with parched arm upstretched to heaven, its bleached death's head all bare and rigid, the ghastly drapery enshrouding its skeleton form in a silent flutter, it presented to my view the most horribly revolting spectacle I ever beheld, and one I shall remember as long as memory lasts.

In the face of this further proof all doubt vanished. I now felt convinced, positively, absolutely certain, that I had seen what I here describe.

Such was my belief then.

Such are my convictions to-day.

Skeptics may sneer, men of science may smile at this statement. Stubborn facts will outlive them both.

Even before the object had finally passed from my view, I experienced one of those sudden revulsions of feeling by which fear becomes courage, and anxiety gives way to mental repose; and thus reconciled to my new belief and position, I went to bed.

My experience during the remainder of that night was entirely free from adventure or excitement. The contemplation of mere pictures of fancy or matters of uncertainty sometimes disturb my slumbers; the pondering over established facts, never.

The following morning I decided to say nothing of my experience to any one until I had related it to an intimate bachelor friend, whose companionship I had often enjoyed in the field and at the fireside (and in whose death a few years later I lost one of the most genial friends I ever possessed). I felt relieved, therefore, to find the conversation at the breakfast table confined to topics entirely foreign to the spirit-world. Evidently no one but myself had been disturbed by the strange visions.

Ten o'clock found me at the office of my friend.

I had expected, of course, to find him skeptical; and I knew I should find him full of good-humored pleasantry. I could therefore count with certainty upon unmerciful "guying."

And I got it.

"Nelson," I began, after exchanging a few commonplace remarks, "does your personal experience or observation enable you to throw any light upon the subject of ghosts, real or so-called?"

"Not exactly," he replied, with a look of ill-disguised ridicule, "but my personal experience enables me to throw some little light upon a subject closely related to ghosts."

"What's that?"

"It's just this," he continued, as he walked slowly to a window facing the street: "I find that the chemical influence of our California climate upon some folks' bump of imagination is very apt to produce 'delirious triangles,' real or so-called."

"I am sorry you are so disagreeable," said I, "for I came to tell you a secret."

"If it's nothing startling, tell me some time next spring," he said, with the air of one who feels himself bored. "I'm pretty busy this morning."

"Well, it is startling," I continued, "though I'm afraid you won't believe it."

"Let's hear it," impatiently.

"It's just this. Last night at twelve o'clock I saw a ghost going up and down Nob Hill. I saw it, just as sure as I see—"

"By the way," he broke in, "that reminds me of something I wanted to say to you when you first came in."

"What is it?"

"You won't feel flattered?"

"Not a bit."

"Well, it's only this: you talk like a man who's been drinking hard."

Accustomed to his friendly slanders, I continued gravely: "Under these distressing circumstances, you would hardly be willing to gratify me by fighting a duel. I trust, however, that neither your personal feelings nor the proprieties of your profession will render it inconsistent for you to receive a certain proposition from me."

"You want, I suppose, a writ of ejectment served on that ghost," and, with a lofty business air, "you had better, perhaps, put your proposition in writing."

"I'm afraid it might frighten you."



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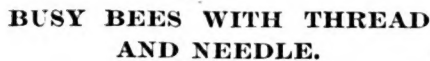








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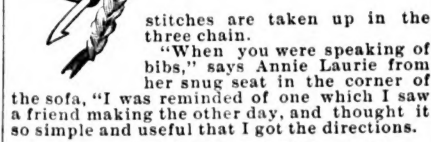


BABY PILLOW  
that one of my friends made, but will venture to repeat the description for the benefit of those who were not at that meeting. It was

Why certainly, with pleasure. I am not very familiar with suspender stitch myself, but will tell you as nearly as I can. Cast on any number of stitches wanted, and knit across plain. Turn, knit the first stitch plain, (the first and last stitches of each row are always knit plain,) then thread over, slip one seam fashion, knit the second stitch across. Turn, knit the edge stitch, and proceed as in previous row, narrowing by knitting the loop and stitch together. I do not know as this is very plain, but almost any old lady in your neighborhood will show you.

## STAR STITCH

is a very common one in crochet. Make chain of the requisite length; turn. Take up and draw the wool through each of the first five loops of chain, one after the other, keeping all on the needle; then take up and draw the wool through all at once, closing them into a star, or cluster; finish by making one chain. For the second star count the stitch on the needle as one, take the second under the one chain, the third in the back (perpendicular) loop of last stitch of previous star, the fourth and fifth in the following two stitches of chain, close the



## BABY'S CROCHET BIB.

### SPIDER WEB NEEDLE WORK.

A 3x3 grid of nine diamond-shaped decorative motifs. Each motif is a complex, symmetrical, and intricate pattern, likely a stylized floral or geometric design. The motifs are arranged in a regular grid on a textured, light-colored background. The patterns within the diamonds are highly detailed, with many small, interconnected shapes forming a larger, balanced design. The overall effect is a repeating pattern of these ornate diamond shapes.

"Oh no, Bob is all right, but the hens got out this morning, and I spent about an hour chasing them. I thought once that I should not get here at all. But I have not quite lost my breath, and will proceed at once with what you want; I put those directions in my pocket when I started out, for I thought that some one might want them. I have tried them so many times myself, and know that they are reliable.

INFANTS SOCKS.

"I am not much in the habit of speaking in meeting," says Blue Bell, "but since you have spoken of

## AFGHANS

On each strip I worked a border as follows:  
1st row.—Fasten with a dc to the flannel. \* 5 ch, 1 dc 1-3 of an inch from 1st dc; repeat from \* along the edge of strip around the point and up the other side, keeping the dcs the same distance apart; break off.  
2d row.—1 dc, 2 tr in 3d of 1st 5 ch of previous row.

Direct letters for this column to  
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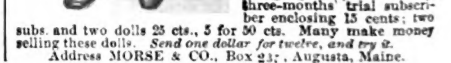
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### A Child's Love for a Doll.

HAS OFTEN BEEN COMMENTED ON.—READ ABOUT  
THE NEW STYLE DOLLS.



Mother's will find in the above illustrations useful suggestions for clothing the "wee" folks.





to the sacred city of Mecca, and such is the piety of the birds that if a person should cry out "Allah, Allah" while they are flying overhead, they at once drop to the ground and bury their heads in the earth. If any one should touch them they droop and die. Impossible as this seems, there are Europeans even of undoubted veracity who have visited the Orient and who not only believe it to be true but state that they have seen such an occurrence.

In Germany storks are protected by the authorities from molestation and are permitted to make their nests upon high roofs, chimneys, towers and tall spires. These curious birds stand about three and a half feet high, with white breast and black wings; they have no cry, but instead, clap their long red beaks with a most peculiar noise. They are very gentle and of peaceful disposition, excellent providers and in many respects models of deportment for the families whose house-tops they occupy. Every year they all leave on a certain day, migrating southward to the warmer climate of Africa, but return again in the spring, when the father of the family carefully repairs the nest. This latter is nothing very wonderful, architecturally speaking, resembling a small pile of sticks and brushwood more than anything else.

When the young birds are large enough to fly they usually are so fat and lazy that they don't want to learn. Thereupon the old storks punch it into an attentive attitude, and perching themselves upon the chimney edge, illustrate how easy the matter is by the most vivid pantomime, hopping around on one leg, flapping their wings and cutting up in the most comical manner. Then they try to induce the young one to make the effort. But it won't. So one of the old storks flies off a short distance, its long red legs hanging down below the wide spread, flapping wings. It circles about and returns presently and the young one is again coaxed to fly. As he still remains stubborn, both the fond parents unite in shoving him off bodily. He makes a great fluttering and flopping as he descends, but before falling far gets the control of his wings, and soon flies off almost as well as the others. After this the old storks will not feed it and it has to shift for itself.



Our picture shows the storks of Strassburg, with the spire of the famous cathedral in the distance. Apart from their regular migrations these storks have never left the city but once, and that was when it was furiously bombarded for many weeks by the Germans, during the Franco-Prussian war. It was then a French city, but was captured by the Germans, to whom it has belonged ever since.

In the cathedral is the famous Strassburg clock, one of the wonders of the world, and visited yearly by vast numbers of sight-seers. It was built over three hundred years ago and contains models of the solar system, and many human and other figures. At every quarter of an hour doors open in the framework, figures walk forth and form a most striking and realistic religious pantomime.

#### A HEART HINT.

Here is a bit of useful advice from a noted physician: Life would be prolonged by a little more attention to the heart, by paying a little respect to the most faithful servant we ever have. Much good might be done, also, if parents would teach their children the danger of overtaxing the heart. They should teach them to stop and rest a few moments during their play when they begin to feel the violent throbbing of their hearts against the chest-wall.

#### ABOUT HANDKERCHIEFS.

France is the land from which comes the thousand trifles in dress and ornament dear to women all over the world, yet in this home of the great Goddess Fashion a handkerchief was thought so shocking an object that until the reign of the Empress Josephine no lady would have dared to use it before anyone. The name itself was carefully avoided in refined conversation. An actor who would have used a handkerchief on the stage, even in the most trifling moments of the play, would have been unmercifully hissed; and it was only in the beginning of the present century that a celebrated actress, Mlle. Duchesnois, dared to appear with a handkerchief in her hand. Having to speak of this handkerchief in the course of the piece, she could never summon enough courage to call it by its true name, but referred to it as "a light tissue."

A few years later, a translation of one of Shakespeare's plays, by Alfred de Vigny, having been acted, the word handkerchief was used for the first time on the stage, amid cries of indignation from every part of the house. It is doubtful if even to-day French ladies would carry handkerchiefs if the wife of Napoleon I had not given the signal for adopting them. The Empress Josephine, although really lovely, had bad teeth. To conceal them she was in the habit of carrying small handkerchiefs, adorned with costly laces, which she constantly raised gracefully to her lips. Of course, all the ladies of the Court followed her example, and handkerchiefs then rapidly became an important part of the feminine toilet.

## Happenings, Here, There and Yonder.

In Paris the cabmen have struck for better pay. The Iron Hall inquiry at Indianapolis has been attracting a great deal of attention all over the country.

Koehler, once an actor of some prominence in this country, has recently taken orders as a Dominican friar in Springfield, Ky.

The Thracian, a new ship being towed from Greenock where she was built to Liverpool to be rigged out, capsized and sank with twenty-five men on board.

In Fall River, Mass., a Mr. and Mrs. Borden were murdered by an axe. No satisfactory explanation of the crime has yet been found; but a Miss Lizzie Borden the stepdaughter of Mrs. Borden has been arrested upon suspicion.

On exhuming the body of Mrs. Charles Block, buried eight years ago in Hazeland Cemetery near Montezuma, Iowa, the remains were found to be petrified and a bunch of roses held in the hand of the deceased was also turned to stone.

Rome, Ga., furnishes a startling snake story with variations. Seeing his snakeship lying on the road a gentleman strode with his cane. The snake straightened its body, spread out two long wings like a goose, arose in the air, and flew across the field.

The buildings of the World's Columbian Exhibition at Chicago have been well advanced toward completion. They will be ready for the dedication ceremonies in October. It is expected that then there will be great rejoicing and a great celebration in Chicago.

A serious accident recently took place in Armenia, N. Y. At a church communion viaticum was passed around to the communicants instead of the communion wine. Twenty persons sipped the poison and suffered intensely; but all were saved by prompt treatment.

An improved method of gold mining has been brought out by a gentleman in Butte, Mont. Finding nuggets in the crop of a chicken he thereupon killed the remainder of his brood and in the thirty-one found gold amounting to \$487. Did he or did he not "kill the goose that laid the golden egg?"

Captain Anderson in command of one hundred and fifty of the Tennessee militia was menaced by several thousand rioters. He was called upon to surrender. He declined. He was threatened with death for himself and his command. "All right," he answered, "but mark my grave so that my wife may find it."

The discrimination of the Canadian authorities against American vessels passing through the Welland Canal has nearly resulted in serious trouble between the two governments. The difficulty has not yet been settled but the threat has been made by the United States to exclude all Canadian vessels from the canal at Sault Ste. Marie.

The John Sylvester, an excursion boat in New York Bay, recently met with a curious accident. While on a trip, loaded with passengers, one of the paddle wheels struck a floating log forty feet long. The log became so lodged in the paddle box that the machinery of the boat was stopped, resulting in the helpless floating of the steamer for an hour or more but no more serious damage.

Congress has passed a bill providing for the coinage of 5,000,000 half dollars souvenir coins to be presented to the managers of the World's Columbian Exposition. It is the expectation of the managers that they will be able to sell the entire issue at a large premium. It is stated, indeed, that an offer has already been made of \$4,500,000 for the entire 5,000,000 coins. That would represent a profit of \$2,000,000 for the good of the fair.

In Tennessee the prisoners of the State are leased to contractors to work the iron mines. They are confined when not at work in Stockades. Recently, the free miners resenting the competition of the convicts marched upon these stockades and released the prisoners. The militia of the State were called out to subdue the rioters and restore order; but the Governor of the State ordered the release of the convicts. He is a candidate for re-election.

The gallant little blue grass mare Nancy Hanks recently lowered the record of American trotting. She trotted a mile in Chicago in the astonishing time of 2:07-4. Mauds and Samol have both been beaten. Nancy Hanks is only six years old and it is the opinion of her driver and trainer that she will yet reduce her own record. It is reported that her race against time was witnessed with great enthusiasm by over ten thousand people. How many people know that Nancy Hanks was the name of Abraham Lincoln's mother.

At Homestead, Pa., the great strike of the operatives of Carnegie, Phipps & Co., has not yet been settled. The place is still guarded by the militia of Pennsylvania called out by the Governor. The mill owners claim that they are gradually filling the works with new men; but the old workmen still claim that they see victory before them. The outcome is still uncertain; but since the outbreak when the company attempted to land Pinkerton Guards upon their property for its preservation, as alleged, there has been no serious disorder.

Whenever the majority of the House of Commons is opposed to a ministry it is dismissed. After the late election and the victory of the Liberals Mr. Gladstone was called by the Queen and requested to form a cabinet for the government of the British Empire. The Queen was at Osborne in the Isle of Wight. Thither Mr. Gladstone travelled, being greeted by the populace and applauded at every stopping place. He was met by the Royal Yacht and by it taken to Osborne and there he dined with the Queen and afterward, as the custom is, slept in the palace.

The parliament of England lost as it seemed the support of the public and was recently dissolved. A new election was ordered, and the Liberals as represented by Mr. Gladstone and his followers were returned to power. The battle was fought upon the issue of home rule for Ireland. Mr. Gladstone's majority amounted to only forty-two and there was some doubt felt whether he would be able to control the house with so small a majority; but in a test vote a lack of confidence was expressed in the then existing ministry and it resigned. Lord Salisbury ceased to be Prime Minister of England.

The cholera rages in Russia and the east. In Russia the deaths have numbered over 4,000 a day, while in Teheran people have died at the rate of 2,000 a week. It was reported to have appeared in Paris; but the authorities have claimed that the disease was not Asiatic cholera but something similar although less severe. Great efforts have been made by the European countries to prevent the spread of the disease. It is stated by the Health Officers of New York and other ports of entry in this country that the Quarantine regulations are so excellent and so well enforced that it is impossible for the scourge to come here.

An extraordinary tale of five wild steers comes from New York. They were being led through the streets; but broke loose. They tossed a few passengers by. One ran one of his horns into a horse fastened to a truck killing it. Another broke into a butcher's shop, of all places in the world. It drove out all who were in it and then pursued its mad career. Two were killed after a long time by policemen, one having been shot about thirty times, the other about twenty. One after being shot several times was lassoed and its throat then cut by a butcher. Two attempted suicide by jumping into the river; but they too were lassoed and so saved.

Those conspicuous pugilists Mr. John L. Sullivan of Boston and Mr. James J. Corbett of San Francisco, have been preparing for a great fight encounter in New Orleans early in September. It is reported that Mr. Sullivan by dint of much hard work in the gymnasium and many hours in the hot sun over dusty roads has reduced the mighty punch which easy living and much drinking has given him. He has lowered his weight, it is said, from 245 pounds to about 204. It was not necessary for Mr. Corbett to work so hard. He was almost down to weight at the beginning of his training. It is reported though that he is very strong and in perfect condition. He weighs about 195 pounds.

An interesting story of life-long devotion comes from England. Some thirty odd years ago two high born English people were much attached to each other; but the man forbore to speak of his love. The lady married his rival. The man remained single. They continued to be great friends and the man it is

said never undertook a step of importance in the game of politics in which he was prominent. One was never invited to a town or country house unless the other was too. Nothing was ever said against the lady's character. Two years ago the lady's husband died. Now at sixty years of age, or so, the old lovers have been married. The man is the Duke of Devonshire; the lady was the Duchess of Manchester.

The political campaign has not yet become very exciting. The campaign committees have organized. Of the Republican Committee Mr. Thomas H. Carter of Montana has been made Chairman and headquarters has been chosen and occupied at 518 5th Avenue in New York. Mr. William F. Harrity of Pennsylvania has been appointed Chairman of the Democratic Committee with headquarters a little lower down on the same avenue. Mr. Whitelaw Reid the candidate for Vice-President on the Republican ticket, and Gen. Adlai E. Stevenson, on the Democratic, occasionally make speeches. Their chiefs do less. Mr. Harrison is busy with his official duties and Mr. Cleveland with his correspondence. The real heat and bustle of the campaign will begin later.

The Inman Steamship Company recently by a special act of congress was enabled to register their steamers. The City of Paris and the City of New York as American ships. They are to build in America two or three other ships of similar size. The contracts have been given to the Cramps, of Philadelphia. Now these fine ships may not be drafted by the English government as auxiliary cruisers, or transports, as English ships may be in case that country has trouble or war. The Inman ships are soon to sail regularly for Southampton instead of to Queenstown. Although the journey by water from New York to Southampton is longer than from New York to London is less, Southampton being much nearer London than Queenstown.

For some reason or another the Reading Railroad has paid its Western workmen more than it has its Eastern. The switchmen of the Eastern division at Buffalo asked for the same pay as their Western fellows; but the company declined to accede. The workmen struck. The switchmen on the other lines refused to handle freight for or from the Reading Road. The strike became a general one involving some thousands of men. Disorder was feared and attempted and the whole National Guard of the State of New York was ordered under arms. Some ten thousand soldiers were concentrated at Buffalo. They were provided, each man, with sixty rounds of ball cartridges. Such a display of force, whether necessary or not, shows the ease and celerity with which the citizen soldiers of New York can be put under arms and moved to any point where disorder seems imminent.

The planet Mars has been in opposition or unusually near the earth recently as happens once in about seven years. It has been possible to make many very interesting and valuable observations of it through powerful telescopes. The limits of the snow which covers part of it furthest from the sun have been accurately located; certain apparent canals, which were noticed some years ago and, which it is believed by some, must be the work of hands, have been seen again, but important changes have taken place in them. The sea and land have been distinguished from one another and even their color ascertained. The land appears to be of a gray color while the sea shows a watery green. Many great changes have taken place in the relative positions of the sea and land since 1888 when a map of Mars was made. There has been discovered no positive evidence that Mars is inhabited; but it has been discovered that the conditions are such as to support life as we understand it.

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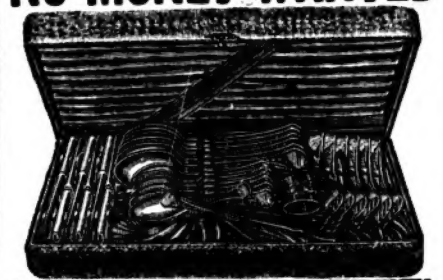
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The fact that the regular circulation of COMFORT has passed the million mark furnishes pleasing proof of its unrivalled popularity.

Could "Autumn COMFORT Through Country Spectacles" be more happily portrayed than by the "Picnic in Pictures" on our September title-page?

During the last six months nearly thirty thousand dollars were expended every day on the World's Fair exhibition buildings, and for several months to come a similar outlay will be necessary. The committee in charge has just made public the official announcement that the "Fair will be dedicated and opened on time."

American girls who are longing to win titles by linking their fortunes with foreign nobility, should take warning from the report of the United States consul at Crefeld. This says: Of thirty-three marriages between foreign noblemen and American belles every one proved unhappy, divorce or abandonment following in a brief time. Brutality and violence was in every instance the cause of the separation.

That the coming World's Fair will not be lacking in unique exhibits such as the ordinary mortal seldom if ever sees, may be gathered from the proposed plan of Captain Amos Chapman of Boston to send a live sperm whale not less than sixty feet long.

Captain Chapman feels confident that with a picked crew of experienced whalers he can capture one of these sea monsters and tow it by steamer, in a specially constructed floating tank, up the St. Lawrence river and through the chain of lakes to Chicago.

There is a scheme afoot, favored by the Sons of the Revolution and other patriots, to give the Star Spangled Banner a "gilt edge," not as a sign of the present prosperity and golden future of the country over which it waves, but to perpetuate the colors—blue and buff—of the brave Continentals. It is not proposed to border the entire flag, but to widen a trifle the binding on the edge nearest the pole, and make it yellow instead of white as at present. The Sons of the Revolution above referred to are an association of men whose forefathers fought in the War of Independence. The dues of the society are nominal, but every member's descent from Revolutionary heroes must be absolutely proven.

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GIVEN TO COMFORT READERS.

In the October issue "The Nutshell Story Club" will make its bow to our readers and add another entirely new and original department to COMFORT. With a view to making this at once one of the most entertaining features for every fireside, we have deposited one thousand dollars in cash in the Granite National Bank of Augusta, Maine, which sum will be paid as prizes for the best original short stories every month. Every man, woman, boy or girl who is a regular subscriber to COMFORT may compete for these cash prizes, full particulars of which will appear in our next issue. By subscribing at once for a whole year's COMFORT, it costs only 25 cents, or getting some friend or neighbor to do so, all can have an opportunity of securing one of the regular monthly cash prizes ranging all the way from five to one hundred dollars.

In view of the many accidents caused by peoples' clothing catching fire, and the importance of instant action, the following suggestions furnished for COMFORT readers by one of the most eminent hospital surgeons of America should be remembered by all: Quickly lay the person whose clothing has caught fire upon the ground. This prevents the flames rising towards the face and nostrils. Seize a rug, carpet, blanket, table cover, coat or other articles of clothing, and wrap it about the person. By

commencing at the head and shoulders the hot air will be kept from entering the lungs, but see that the person can breathe freely. Act promptly and don't lose your head. If a physician is within easy call, do not dress the burns with any home remedies. They frequently prevent him from applying something much more suitable, and also from making a careful examination of the injuries.

One of the most desirable and useful accomplishments is the art of expressing our thoughts in writing. In several original departments COMFORT presents to all an opportunity of mastering this art. Our offer of artistic prize monographs to contributors to the Aunt Minerva department will enable those who have "good news for all" to tell it with pleasure to the million and profit to themselves. And now that we are again on the threshold of the reading and letter-writing season, our friends should remember that, as COMFORT is the passport for a reserved seat in the chariot of contentment, the more they bring their favorite publication to the notice of neighbors and acquaintances the more happiness they will confer upon others. Think of it! A whole year's COMFORT for only twenty-five cents. Every effort on the part of our old friends to introduce us to new ones will meet with increased exertions on our part to make COMFORT still more comforting.

The bill providing for the creation of a National Highway Commission which passed the Senate the other day is one of special interest to every American. The object of the bill is the improvement of public roads of the United States, and among other things it provides for the exhibition at the World's Fair of the best methods and appliances for roadmaking, and the collection of information bearing upon the building and care of roads.

It has been well said that every man, woman and child is interested in the public road. At birth, at death, and at all intermediate points during life it is used, to a greater or less degree, by or for every individual member of society. It carries the doctor to the bedside of the sick, the pastor to administer consolation to the dying, friends to the house of mourning, and the dead to their graves. It brings purchaser and consumer together. It is the avenue alike of pleasure and of traffic. The farmer seeking his market, the commercial traveler looking for customers, the millionaire in search of enjoyment with his coach-and-four, the wheelman in pursuit of health, the few seeking pleasure or profit on wheels, and the many in like pursuits on foot—all are interested in the public road. And yet, direct and immediate as these interests are, we are content to follow the methods of half a century or more ago, to submit to inconvenience, to discomfort, and to the immense waste of money and patience; not because we do not admit the advantages of a good road over a bad one; not because we cannot see, in theory at least, that a solid, smooth, level road which allows the farmer to convey to market twice as much with half the power is advantageous to him; not because it cannot be clearly demonstrated that in the end (because of the saving in annual repairs and the saving of waste in vehicles, horse-flesh, harness, and the like) a good road is cheaper than a poor one—for all these things are distinctly and fully admitted by those who have given careful study to the subject—but because prejudice, opposition to change, and indifference control the masses of our people and dictate the course of legislation.

That good roads are paying investments has been demonstrated time and time again. Near Philadelphia, for instance, the building of two miles of model road resulted, according to official report, in the enhancement of real estate values, an influx of desirable population, and the greatest possible increase to the comfort and convenience of the people.

### Hints for Home Comfort.

Eat slowly and you will not over-eat.

Keeping the feet warm will prevent headaches.

Late to breakfast—hurried for dinner—cross at ten.

A short needle makes the most expedition in plain sewing.

Between husband and wife little attentions beget much love.

Always lay your table neatly, whether you have company or not.

Whatever you may choose to give away, always be sure to keep your temper.

Dirty windows speak to the passerby of the negligence of the inmates.

There is much more injury done by admitting visitors to invalids than is generally supposed.

Matches, out of the reach of children, should be kept in every bed-room. They are cheap enough.

When sheets or chamber towels get thin in the middle, cut them in two, sew the selvages together, and hem the sides.

When you dry salt for the table, do not place it in the salt cellars until it is cold, otherwise it will harden into a lump.

Persons of defective sight, when threading a needle, should hold it over something white, by which the sight will be assisted.

The phrase "yellow jack" has become but another name for the dreaded tropical yellow fever, but its original meaning was something entirely different. Whenever a vessel from a foreign country comes into port, she is boarded and examined by the health officers, and should they find any contagious disease present, the vessel is quarantined, or restricted from communicating with the shore, landing goods or passengers, for a certain time. To mark such vessels a small square flag called a "jack" by sailors, is run up. This flag is yellow, which is the warning color adopted by the quarantine officers, and from the extreme precautions used in yellow fever cases, "having the 'yellow jack' aboard," that is, the flag exposed, became identified with the disease itself. There are other varieties of these flags. War vessels display a red "jack" as a danger signal, while taking aboard or unloading ammunition. The "Union jack" consists of the square blue division of the United States flag containing the stars, and is always hung at the bow of all vessels in the navy. The British jack is that corner of their flag in which the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George appear, and which occupies a similar position to our stars.

### Kate Sanborn, Author and Farmer.



It may interest the many women who spend their lives on quiet farms, often regarding their existence as slow and dull, to know something of a busy woman whose life in New York and Boston has given her a longing for the quiet of a farm which has resulted in her buying one, where much of her time is passed. Every body remembers, even though he may not have read the book, the "Adopting an A-B and C Farm" by Kate Sanborn which sprang into such popularity that it reached a second edition in little more than a month. It is an airy trifle, but sparkling with wit and genuine humor, and those are qualities that appeal to the sad heart of mankind with constant and undiminished force. Of Miss Sanborn's sudden resolution to buy a farm, with the reasons therefor; of her struggles to get horses that were "sound and kind," cows that were "steady milkers," hens that would lay and ducks that would set; of her wanderings about the country to find antique furniture to put in the quaint little farmhouse; of the impositions practiced upon her too confiding nature by the shrewd and unscrupulous, I will leave the merry little book itself to tell you; for in reading Miss Sanborn's story one who knows the writer can almost fancy that he can hear her talking, so thoroughly individual is its chatty style. Those experiences with "prize fowls secured at State Fairs and large poultry shows, heralded as famous layers and bought at extravagant prices, only to find that when she wanted eggs she was obliged to buy them; her equally discouraging attempts to raise ducks; her frequent visits to auctions and the prices they wanted her to give, merely because she was a city woman," are described with comical touches that would bring a sympathetic smile to the face of the "grumpy" man alive and make him feel that the writer was relating her experiences to him as to a personal friend.

It is of the woman who wrote the book—and lived it—that I want to tell you, a woman whom I am happy to call my friend. Miss Sanborn is the daughter of a college professor, a man of wide learning and beautiful nature, and she has inherited his love for study. She has lectured extensively and written a number of valuable educational books as well as newspaper articles of unusual literary merit. In person she is tall, not slender, yet not stout, has keen and merry blue eyes, a firm mouth and winning smile, and hair that persons without real "feeling for color" might call "reddish," but which is in reality, brownish gold. With an unflinching fund of good spirits, an endless store of amusing experiences which she relates in the funniest possible fashion, and a generous, lofty nature, Kate Sanborn is a most delightful friend to possess and even in her far-away farm at Metcalfs, in the town of Holliston, Mass., has numerous visitors. "Breezy Meadows" is the name given by its chateleine to the beautiful domain, because there is never a day so warm, an atmosphere so motionless that a breeze cannot be found in some corner of field or house. I have been there on days that were among the most uncompromising hot of the season and yet on the wide piazza we were almost comfortable.

The success of her little book was quite as great a surprise as pleasure to Miss Sanborn. "I thought that it might amuse an idle hour in a hammock," she told me, "but had no idea that it would take as it did. I took it to one publishing house and they refused it without hesitation. Soon after, I happened to see Mr. D. Appleton, and incidentally asked him what the public would care for a book about a farm. He answered that something light and amusing was the grand desideratum and I told him that I had it right there so I left it with him."

As I have sat with Miss Sanborn on her piazza I have sometimes wondered why anybody should allow a farmhouse to be without that most delightful adjunct. A piazza is not necessarily an expensive addition and nothing else gives so much comfort. Any farmer could build one himself, and the roughness of finish is easily concealed by vines. Even the "wild cucumber" which causes so much trouble in the wrong place may be made a charming decoration for the timbers and rails. "A pot of paint costs little," says my friend, "and so much can be done with it. Do you see these queer, old-fashioned rocking-chairs? I bought most of them at auction sales in the neighboring country and applied red paint to some and white paint to others, and bought remnants of pretty cretonnes for cushion covers and sold the result. It really requires so little to make a piazza a nook fitted for all pleasant dreaming, that I want to beg all my neighbors to have one."

But it is not alone in the piazza that we see how much comfort and even elegance may be attained at small cost. If we go into the little parlor and drop lazily into its rest-bestowing chairs we find ample proof that good taste can render simplicity as elegant as elegance itself. For there is just now, in the general effect although the chairs are old-fashioned wooden chairs painted white and with head-rests and cushions of gaily flowered silk or muslin, the equally old-fashioned sofa is covered with cretonne in soft, dark colors, the little tables have a few pretty ornaments—photographs of friends in tasteful frames, delicate vases, a few favorite books. The only approach to luxury is in the fine Chickering upright piano-forte, the rich blue plush drapery of that and the mantel, the silver and bronzes and the handsome modern cabinet with its pretty souvenirs of travel as well as of actions. Here stands the little mug, with its rhyme:

"The jovial days of feasting past,  
"Tis pious prudence come at last,  
And eager gluttony is taught  
To be content with what it ought."

In this, as in the sitting-room on the other side of the hall, is a fireplace with a mantel on which the wood is laid, ready for the first touch of cold or dampness in the air; for one of Miss Sanborn's first acts on taking possession of her farm, was the removal of the "brick fronts" by which the beauty of the old-fashioned fireplace had been hidden. In the sitting-room fireplace is a crane with its numerous hooks and the dearest little round iron pots, the history of whose acquisition Miss Sanborn relates with much drollery. But the dining-room is the especial pride of its possessor's heart. The "dresser" holds a picturesque collection of lovely old china, including a genuine "willow-ware" set once belonging to Miss Sanborn's grandmother. The "rum closet" over the brick oven is turned into a china closet and holds glasses and cups frail as egg-shells. Of the brick oven Miss Sanborn writes in her book: "An oven suggestive of brown bread and baked beans—yes, the baker beans of my childhood—adorned with the breakfast table on a Sunday morning, cooked with just a little molasses and a square piece of crisp salt pork in centre; a dish to tempt a dying anchorite."

In every room one sees odd little tables "rescued from attics where they were put by people who did not know how pretty they were," says Miss Sanborn. Queerly shaped washstands adapted by her ingenious brain and deft fingers to unexpected uses as decorative furniture, writing desks and sideboards whose original owners were dust a generation or more ago. And the few modern pieces are selected with such care that they have caught the prevailing spirit and seem as antique as the others.

Even the flowers in the garden are old-fashioned. There are poppies, flaunting and gay as comic opera chorus girls, prince's feathers swaying with stately grace in the wind; dahlias, stiff and pompous as a lord-chamberlain; marigolds cheerful and bright of hue; nasturtiums, epitomizing all brilliant color. And here Miss Sanborn spends her hot summer with the friends who gladly accept her invitations, infinitely preferring a few days on her quiet farm to all the gaieties of Newport or Bar Harbor. A more charming hostess could not well be found. A most interesting conversationalist, she never becomes

wearisome. She is always brilliant and witty whether her mood be light or serious, and indeed, one of her special charms is the rapidity with which it varies from grave to gay. It is this quality which has most contributed to the success of her career as writer and lecturer and renders it easy to understand why her friends think it no effort to "drop in" from Boston and New York to enjoy a day or two of such rare companionship!

RENE S. PARKS.

Henry Irving is fond of relating a little incident that occurred to him when in a Dorsetshire village last summer. Whilst passing a group of children one of them eyed him so sharply that the actor said, "Well, little girl, do you know me?" "Yes sir," was the reply, "you are one of 'Beecham's Pills.'" She had seen his face in one of their advertisements.

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EDITOR'S NOTE. The following rules govern the publication of all matter in this department.

Contributors must without exception be regular subscribers to *Comfort*, and every contribution must bear the writer's own name and post office address in full.

Original letters only, which deal with matters of general interest will be published. They must be as brief, plain and correct as the writers can make them and may vary in length from one hundred to four hundred words. Only letters of exceptional merit and interest may exceed the latter limit. Contributors must write on one side of their paper only.

Every month a number of prize monograms composed of the writer's initials, will be awarded to those sending the best contributions. These monograms, which will be most desirable ornaments for stationery, cards, etc., will be printed in connection with the respective letters, and new electrotypes of same will be mailed, post paid, to the prize winners. All communications must be addressed to Aunt Minerva, care of *COMFORT*, Augusta, Maine.

#### LIST OF SEPTEMBER PRIZE WINNERS.

Hattie T. Lynde,  
H. A. Tuttle,  
J. F. Hale,  
Virgil Williams,  
Jos. Merritt,  
Maggie M. Lambert,  
Mrs. A. B. Lewis.

Each of the above will receive by mail a new electrotypes of the prize monogram which appears in connection with his or her letter printed below.

#### DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:

You will notice by the Editor's note that in future, all letters must be signed with the full name and address of the writer, when printed in the column. Now I have on hand a large number of excellent letters signed by a *nom de plume*, whose authors complied with my request to send their address, but did not wish it to be printed. If any of these would like to compete for a monogram prize, let them write me at once whether they are willing to have their real names appear; if I do not hear from them, the letters will be printed over the *nom de plume*, but will have no chance of receiving a prize. All please remember that, as I announced in the August issue of *COMFORT*, letters sent in after that date will be rejected, unless the writers are willing that their real names should appear. The use of *noms de plume* has caused me much unnecessary work, in the great number of letters sent me to forward, and the trouble of keeping a list of all the addresses of those who were not willing that their names should be printed. All this will be done away under the new rule, and I shall have more time to devote to other branches of my work which I have been obliged to neglect.

There are so many fine letters this month, that I will not take up more of the time. You will all be grateful to our kind Editor for the pains which he has taken to have our column so neatly and appropriately illustrated.

Springdale, Arkansas.

Dear All:—The age of pictures is returning, and with it comes increased interest in physiognomical delineations of character from photographs. What a treat in the April number was that "pictorial page"! Look at that page again and then read the letters following, and see if you can find any correspondence between each epistle and its author's likeness. Then if you will, "Gaze on this picture and then on that." What a variety! What contrasts! Study them, and learn the "lore which wig-crowned history scorns." In that same number one of the junior cousins wants to know what kind of a nose she has. I will endeavor to answer.

Figure 1 represents as nearly as I could come it, our little cousin's nose. Now what does it say? It is a veritable key to her strongest trait as expressed in her letter, viz.:—inquisitiveness. Of course she wants to know about her nose and about a thousand other things. It is the nose of childhood, and on account of the character with which it is associated and its similarity in form to a certain mark of punctuation, it may be called an interrogative nose.

While the above is the proper kind of nose for a child to have, such a nasal organ or rather such a lack of nose on the face of a grown person, especially a man, is not apt to impress us favorably. It is the sign of weakness, childishness, or simply undevelopment. Dr. Simms in *Human Faces* says, "The nose that stands well out and up at the point accompanies that quality of mind that tends to elevate character as well as body. That this is true a little observation will clearly prove."

Lavater, the Swiss poet, preacher and physiognomist had a nose the length of which, from the face directly forward to the point, was very great, and he had an inordinate desire to ascend every tower, monument, cupola or mountain. Columbus, Penn., Washington and Wesley all had this form of nose.

Among the lower animals compare the hare and ground squirrel with their little receding noses (if noses at all) that rather live in a swamp or burrow in the ground; with the red deer or antelope that desire to occupy elevated situations and scale the mountain tops. The Roman nose (Figure 3) is angular and has few curved lines. It means fight, executive push. See pictures of Caesar, Brutus and Cassius. The genuine Roman nose is now rarely seen, though in the pictures of most great warriors we discover something of this type.

Napoleon, Scott,

Sheridan, "Stonewall" Jackson, are examples.

The pure Grecian nose, like the Roman, is now sadly on the decline, rarely being seen except on statues. It is the nose of refinement, the result of the cultivation of the aesthetic faculties. Poets and artists have this form of nose.

Figure 5 represents the Jewish nose, the owner of which delights in trade and commerce. Many successful merchants and bankers have this kind of nose, and so also does the miser, whatever his nationality.

All the nations have a distinctly different type of nose, which, however, may be greatly modified in individuals by education, occupation and many other things.

There is another kind of nose which truly and sadly shows the effect of vicious association. After a time, the nose even partakes of the color of the contents of the bottle. Oh! that any of the *COMFORT* cousins should ever come to such a nose as this. To the dear girl cousins I would say: Shun the faintest prophesy of such a nose as you would a mad dog. Remember that it is better for one good nose to stand alone than for many noses to go down in shame.

If these lines be the means of improving the lines of any nose they will not have been written in vain. Yours affectionately, J. F. HALE.

Dear Auntie:—I hail from the famous Lone Star State, the booming prosperous county of Willbarger. The country is broken in this section by the breaks of Wichita river and Beaver creek; the rivers of this country abound in splendid fish, principally catfish. The waters of the Wichita owing to its tolerably broad bed are very shallow, nearly all the streams of any size here are quicksand, which makes them dangerous and disagreeable to ford, therefore this county is putting good iron bridges on all the principal public roads. In one very essential thing we are deficient in this county, that is a good supply of first grade school teachers and music marmes; our schools are from 3 to 9 months terms, moderately small and easily controlled. I think some of the cousins had better come to these parts who like these professions. For the benefit of some of my sportingly inclined cousins I will say a few words upon the game resources of Willbarger Co. We have an abundance of quail and cottontail rabbits, the prairie dog in any quantities which are very destructive little creatures; this county pays a bounty of 50 cts. per doz. for their scalps, they as a general rule live on grass but wheat staying green all winter they like it, and it is astonishing to see how much a town of these little vermin can destroy. The farmers generally poison them by scattering poisoned wheat around their dens in cold weather. They will eat it rather than venture any distance from



home; they are very cunning and sly, a man on foot can hardly ever get close enough to kill one of them with a shot gun and then if he is anywhere near the hole, although you might blow the animal's head off, you would not get him, he would go to the bottom of that hole to die. Rabbits, owls and snakes all den together with these little enemies of cultivation. We also have by way of large game wild turkey, prairie chicken and antelope, the latter which I consider far ahead of the best beefsteak. They are also very shy, it takes an expert at hunting to get near enough to kill one with the very best of shot guns. Then we have the wild cat or catamount, coyote or prairie wolf, Lobo wolf, Mexican lion or Conger, otter and all manner of smaller animals such as the polecat or skunk, raccoon, opossum, mink, badger, etc. Will close by asking what has become of cousin Aurora, perhaps it is the wrong season in the year for the (Aurora) to shine, however, I will guess that she is married.

Mac P. O., Willbarger Co., Texas.

"I am a native of Kansas, but have lived a part of my life in Nebr. Geographically you all know how Kansas is situated, how many cities, etc., but I shall endeavor to tell what is not learned in geographies. Kansas is not all plains and prairies, as many people think, but there are clear, beautiful streams of water, bordered by large oak, cottonwood, walnut, elm, willow, ash, sycamore, and other trees. There is also a great abundance of wild fruit, all kinds of berries, plums and grapes. Flowers—but here my pen fails me. If you could walk through a part of the State in spring, you would imagine that spring had spilled her horn of flowers, and was in too big a hurry to gather them up. Walnuts, chinquapins, hazelnuts, and others, grow here in great profusion. What has become of William Thames, that voice from Arizona? I had settled myself comfortably to hear something about Arizona, when that maverick came in for its share of attention, and I am really afraid that something has happened to him, he is so long away."

"In the Sept. No. I noticed a letter from Audrey, in which she says, 'suppose we girls either write our first name in full or choose feminine *nom de plume*, and leave the initials for the superior sex.' Now, cousin Audrey, I will go farther than that and say why use a *nom de plume* at all? I am sure none of the cousins are ashamed of what they write, why will they persist in using a *nom de plume*? If the true names and addresses were given, instead of leaving them with Aunt Minerva, it would not only save Auntie much trouble and give her more time for her numerous duties, but would at the same time benefit the cousins who write, especially in cases of requests. I am afraid this plan would not suit all the cousins, but I am very sure that Auntie and many of the other cousins have the same opinion on this subject as myself. Your niece and cousin, MAGGIE M. LAMBERT, Box 52, Shepherdstown, Jefferson Co., W. Va."

Dear Cousins:—Reading the letters from the different cousins, it seems to me as if nearly all had misunderstood me, or could not read straight. They

seem to have the idea that I said "all women are bad," "all men are good," "women are only good to do sewing, etc." "men can get along without them just as well," and about a dozen other things. Can any one quote the words in which I said such things? Come to the front now, Como, E. A. Foxwell, and others, and answer this. If L. B. Johnson thinks there are any such things now as "timid feminine creatures," I think he is mistaken; at least, I have not seen them here in the Northwest, and I am proud that I can say that it is so. I am in favor of bringing women to the highest point they can reach. L. B. J. said he liked to see "the young people courting and going to all the socialables, etc." I have not a very good opinion of a young person who goes to every socialable, to "catch a beau." It is my wish and earnest desire that more cousins should take Black Eyes' advice. Beulah, remember that we are all brothers and sisters if we believe in Him. J. T. Hoffman, you made me laugh long and loud when I read your letters. Perhaps if I got hold of you, you would think that I could shake. Ned Land, never feel sorry for me. I can fight my own battles, "if it takes all summer," yes, and winter too. Now I will speak briefly of my trip to Holland. We reached Amsterdam in safety. From there we went by water to Vlissingen, and what was our surprise to find there a land several feet below the water! The city is on a very small island; a man could walk around it in a day, and yet it contains no less than 20 villages and cities. High dykes surround the island, like mighty hills. These dykes are not made alone of sand, but of nearly every conceivable substance. There are men working on them all the time. Next time I will tell you how they let the water off the land when it has rained; and will also tell how I came to be called

WISCONSIN WILD BILL.

"I am a young Dakota school-teacher 20 years old. Am a constant reader of *COMFORT*, and enjoy Chats very much. Hope this part of the paper will continue to improve as it has in the last year. This is a very healthy country. The climate is varied. In winter the weather is sometimes very cold, but the air is so dry that little inconvenience is felt. But the winters are generally mild, and stock sometimes live out on the range all the year, the buffalo grass furnishing excellent feed. The summer is noted for warm days and cool nights, and the spring is about 70 feet deep as far as this part of Dak. is quite thinly settled, owing to the distance from the railroad (30 miles). I live 6 miles from Crow Creek Indian Reservation, and 25 miles from agency, Fort Thompson, which is situated on Missouri river. The Indians are daily visitors with us. They are a queer people, and still retain a great many of their uncivilized ways. GEO. H. GRACE, Duncan, Buffalo Co., So. Dak."

"I spent two months in Florida last winter which I enjoyed hugely. Has any of the cousins ever visited the Silver Springs in Fla.? These springs are near the St. Johns river. This spring is about 70 feet deep as far as crystal and remarkably fresh and cool. The bottom of this spring basin is silver sand studded with curious figures in pale green-tinted lime crystals. A row across the pool is ever to be remembered. Everything that has been dropped into the water by preceding visitors lies in the silver setting a rich emerald green. At one place a barely discernible bubbling points out the spot from which the water gushes out thousands of gallons every moment. A stone dropped toward the slight ledge of limestone rock 25 feet below is suddenly thrown in a curved line nearly to the surface by the rush of the spring from under the rock. With best wishes to all *COMFORT* friends. JOS. MERRITT, Dothen, Ala."

"I agree with Apache about the Indians, and think that the whites have not treated them right from the first. When the English and French settlers came over here, they claimed the whole territory, regardless of the claims of the red men; and when the Indians said to them, 'The English claim all the land on one side of the Mississippi, and the French on the other. Where is our land?' they had no answer for them, nor have they now. I have read Ernestine Schauer's letter, and thought about the subject a great deal. I do not think that war is right, but when the Government is at stake, as it was in the Civil War, I say, defend it. Every true patriot will defend his country with his property and his life, if necessary. Adam's Wife does not seem to think that a woman should do anything that is professional. I do not agree with her, for I think that when a woman has to support herself, she has a right to do whatever kind of work she chooses. GYPSIE."

NOTE.—A monogram would have been awarded for above had the author's name been given. Hereafter all letters must be signed in full by the writers.

"I live near the beautiful city of Waco which was my former home, so called after the Waco tribe of Indians who first lived here long years ago. It is situated on the Brazos river over which is a suspension bridge the fifth largest in the world. I agree with Mrs. Roaks exactly in wishing the older mothers would give more of their valuable advice and experience in training children. I have seen children who it seemed that instead of having proper training were left to roam the streets with the worst of company, or just anywhere in the world to get rid of them, while they perhaps were out on their pleasure trips. If these children are continually getting into trouble, such as trying to throw street cars from the track by placing rocks in the way, breaking electric lamps, stealing the neighbor children's things, and many other such which lead to worse crimes, who are to blame but their parents? And this neglect of children I notice is practiced more or as much among the wealthier class who are able to do a much better part by them. I think we ought to keep our children with us as much as possible. Take them with us to church, Sunday-school, to innocent amusements and even shopping, all of which is a training school for them. And if we have not the advantage of sending them to school we should teach them at home. Above all we should teach them to be truthful and respectful to every one, for we all know that an impudent and story telling child is detested and avoided by every one whose misfortune it is to come in contact with. I think the letter party idea is a nice one for the Shut-Ins. And dear cousins don't let us forget to look out for their list. Before I close let me give you all my first experience in Tex. with storms. I never was afraid of storms much but my husband is painfully so. And Texas was visited by a severe one about the first of June which did much damage in the surrounding towns and villages, killing and wounding many people. But the greatest it did to us was to blow the roof off our chicken house and give us a scare. But we thought last night we were going to catch it, and my husband prevailed on me as he tried hard to do before to leave the house as he declared we would soon all be blown to atoms. So we aroused our little boy and girl, it being 11 o'clock, and dressed them, and I donned my thickest winter clothes and my cloak and then my husband insisted on his putting his largest overcoat and his storm cap on me, all of which made me look as if I might inhabit the Polar regions. We took the quilt from two tables and the thickest quilt we had and proceeded on our midnight journey in search of a place of refuge. We finally found what we thought to be the best one about one hundred yards from the house.

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beneath a steep hill. And as I was quite willing to rest with my burden of clothes, we all settled down and gathered ourselves together under our quilts and oilcloths as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings. Everything above and below breathed of speedy and awful tempest. And to reverse the poet's song:

"Twas off in the inky blackness,  
Of that stormy night in June,  
The flame of the flashing lightning  
Shone redder than many a moon."

But we sat like a work of Grecian art, awaiting for the storm to burst in all its fury, listening to the hard rains music upon the oil cloth until the rain began to stream down the hill under us and we found ourselves in the black mud. By this time the wind had abated and also the rain, so we pulled ourselves up out of the mud and started back home. And I leave you to picture us trudging up a slippery hill trailing our weighty quilt and oil cloths behind us. But we arrived at home at last a wetter if not wiser family and retired for the night.

Mrs. A. B. Lewis, 600 North 5th St., Waco, Tex."

"I will give you a little description of the place in which I live. It is the quiet little village of Buzzards Bay in the southeastern part of Massachusetts, taking its name from the fact that it is situated at the extreme head of the waters of Buzzards Bay. The place is noted for being a beautiful watering place and the home of many prominent citizens. Along the banks which skirt the beautiful bay is found the summer home of ex-President Cleveland. The place where he lived is so much admired. It is here where he and Mrs. Cleveland the busy and bask in the sun and the breeze. Also a residence here, and he with his family and guests enjoy the pleasures of boating and fishing. Buzzards Bay is the junction of the Woods Hall branch R. R. with the Old Colony Cape Cod line to the extreme town on the cape. Onset Bay grove is only a few miles distant where the spiritualists hold meetings every summer.

F. N. CRapo, Buzzards Bay, Mass."

"William A. Hollcraft, Delta is my old home and I am very glad to learn that there is one young man in that town who does not frequent the saloons, and has the courage to say so. Nonie, I think your idea of 'girlcotting' the young men who use tobacco and intoxicants is a splendid one, and that a more efficient way of stopping the ravages of these vices could not be adopted. I have often wished that we girls of the United States could form a society such as you suggest. But, girls, while we are criticizing the wrong doings of the other sex, don't let us forget our own. I think that some of the articles of clothing that have for ages past been worn by women and girls to the infinite injury of humanity could well be dispensed with. Prairie Boy, you are just right in what you say about girls accepting the company of fast young men, for when a pure young girl marries a libertine it is paying a premium on the life he leads. Say what you will, girls, if you marry such a man, thinking to reform him, you will find, only too late, how true are the words of Tennyson:

"Yet it shall be, thou shalt lower to his level day by day.  
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize  
with clay.  
As the husband is the wife is; thou art mated with a clown.  
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down."

Yours sincerely,  
EMMA L. PURDY, Kaweah, Tulare Co., Cal."

"COMFORT has grown phenomenally in circulation, worth and popularity in such a comparatively short time, but no wonder, each page is full of good things. Music, painting, sketching from nature and literature are subjects I love and delight in. Am at present watching with great interest the growth and development of a number of cacti sent me by friends from different parts of U.S. and other countries, how I love these wondrous plants. I suppose our Texas, Arizona and New Mexico cousins have seen rarer specimens than I, as I am told the rarest cacti grow in above named places. God's hand is seen everywhere, decking Earth's emerald garb anew. Dear cousins, in all your letters I find some thought or sentiment expressed that beats in unison with mine. Librarian, I envy the happy life you lead among our authors and authoresses. The perusal of W. E. Anthony's letter in Feb. issue of COMFORT was both entertaining and instructive. It gave me great pleasure indeed, as I too love Dickens, have read and reread his books. Who of our authors have, or can more truly depict human nature in all its forms of vices or virtues, in all phases and grades of society, so truly as he? I will some time in future tell you of a delightful year I spent in the far, far West, among cowboys, Indians, soldiers, coolies and citizens. Was treated with courtesy and kindness by all above mentioned, from time I left home until I returned, including 3 months in the sunny, hospitable South, breathing jessamine, honeysuckle and magnolia perfumes, visiting old historical places and hearing the unwritten histories of the war, from active participants in it. All of which convinces me that in our glorious Republic (no nation can compare in past history with it) a young lady can travel with perfect safety and be sure of kind, courteous treatment every where, provided she acts her part as all truly bred American girls will. Correspondence solicited.  
H. A. TUTTLE, Allegheny, Pa."

"In sitting down to peruse the paper I not only strive to grasp the worthy thoughts but endeavor to thoroughly digest them, usually take pencil in hand and copy the most worthy sentiments, then at spare moments memorize them and when woven into the innermost part of my soul, think it does much to characterize my life, to one not familiar in the mood of doing, it is quite surprising how much good they can derive in course of a year. I can't tell you how much solid comfort I take in repeating different authors' sentiments, while performing the domestic duties. Yes, I am a domestic in our own family. And saw in the last number of COMFORT poor afflicted Miss Richmond was desirous of having the cousins tell of their homes I will say a word on the subject. I am the only one of 7 children at home, and trying to do my duty in relieving my mother's cares, as old age has crept upon her and unfit her to perform the household duties alone. We live on a farm 3-4 of a mile from a little hamlet of 600 inhabitants. We have quite a curiosity in the form of a natural bridge, which spans Indian river and on this account our little town bears the name of Natural Bridge, under the bridge is a cave which extends 1-4 of a mile in length certain, and some think it extends several miles, but for this we have no authentic authority, it's simply a supposition; beside this cave we have four other ones, which are visited by tourists during the summer months. Here too is the former home of Joseph Bonaparte who was brother of Napoleon Bonaparte of historic renown. At present the building is occupied by four families quite an elaborate building yet not picturesque, as it is awkward in shape, on the whole think it was not planned by a very scientific architect. Are you all in sympathy with mother Nature? I am an ardent admirer of her, and long to hear the melodious music of the frogs, methinks I see a smile on some of the fair cousins' faces when I speak of the 'melodious' croaking, but to me it glides in harmony with my soul. Ofttimes on warm bright

nights I wend my way to the little brook close by our home and sit on the bank and listen to their joyous strains. Mrs. Whitney says, 'We live two lives; one with our deepest thoughts and feelings, the other with people and things.' I think the former draws out all there is good and holy within us.

Yours for improvement,

HATTIE M. LYNDE, Natural Bridge, N. Y."

Dear Auntie and Cousins:—With fear and trembling I approach the threshold of your charming circle and humbly seek admittance. I live away down in the pine woods of Mississippi where the air is fresh and fragrant and "The woods with music ring."

Near here is a beautiful creek called Silver Stream. The water is so pure and clear that you can see the little fish playing hide and seek behind the lovely rocks. And its banks are now carpeted with soft, green moss dotted with bright red berries, while here and there are clusters of ferns and bunches of modest little violets.

My home is exactly four miles from the nearest town and I walk one mile to school. Last week my teacher requested me to write an essay for examination and the only time I had for it was Saturday.

I started off early in the morning with my paper, pencil and book of Memory Quotations from which I was to choose my subject.

After searching for "alpha to omega" I decided anything in it was too simple for me to write on and for examination too! However when I had wasted the entire morning in searching elsewhere, I came back to the Quotations and selected: "With the skin of my teeth." When I had thought two or three hours over it, I finally came to the conclusion that "With the skin of my teeth" I could not write on it. I then chose "Hyperbole."

There were two reasons why I selected this. First, it was a big word and people would really know what it meant, and would say an exceedingly brilliant word. Second, I had read one of the finest productions that I thought possible for a school girl to write, my teacher said she thought there was a great deal of hyperbole in it.

I thought when I wrote that essay that it was an excellent thing and after I was told there was hyperbole in it, it seemed to me to be perfectly grand. I was improving so rapidly that I had not even the shadow of a doubt but that I should, some day, be a great literary woman and astonish the world by presenting to it something that contained hyperbole, and in centuries to come, people with great intellects upon reading it would exclaim: "That woman lived not in vain!"

When my paper was handed to me after the corrections had been made, for a moment I felt like Susan, the milkmaid, when she upset the pail on the contents of which so many golden dreams were founded. There were not more than a dozen misspelled words and six or seven sentences misconstructed. But it still had hyperbole in it and Hope flew forward and cleared away those simple mistakes which seemed for a moment to bar my way to progress and fame. Oh, there was so much that I might say about hyperbole! So I wound up my thinking machine, fully determined that it should be my examination subject. But lo and behold, my machine had been in a state of rest so long that it had become weakened by inaction or neglect and refused to run! While I was using vigorous efforts to bring it into motion I was suddenly called to earth by the shout of one of the school girls. "Hallo! what are you doing there?"

"I should think you might see from the inspired despair on my face that I am trying to write an examination essay."  
"What is your subject?"  
"Well, I hardly know. I thought I would write on 'Hyperbole.'"  
"Pshaw! Why don't you write the history of your childhood if you want to astonish the world?"  
Ah, at the word "childhood" how many fond memories of bygone escapades came crowding before me! Yes I would write my history and tell about the time when, mounted on the back of a much-enduring old cow, I chased the pigs out of the barnyard, and how when sister tried to ride the pet calf but fell off and bumped her head on a stump, I tried to console her by telling her that she would learn to ride if she would only look at me. However, the calf ran through a hole in the fence and scraped my leg and with streaming heart broken eyes and dilapidated dress, I went to the house for grandmother to darn my new spring frock which was not unfortunately strong enough to hang me on the pickets. What good times those were and how things have changed since!

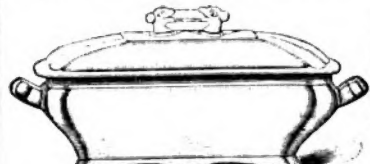
Then I suddenly called to mind that I was no longer a child (being in my teens) and it would never, never do for a refined young lady, about to astonish the world with her genius, to write such nonsense and read it before intelligent men and women and a whole army of would-be Philistines besides.

Then I remembered that it was considered very difficult to write good descriptions. Therefore I decided to describe the view from my window but, dear me, there was nothing to describe! The grass, instead of being soft and velvety as is the poet's was hard looking and seemed to stand straight up like stubble. The honeysuckle vine was not as pretty as it would have been had there not been so many old, dead, looking ends around. The trees were with green leaves and were of but there chance for there. No about the scene was blue as if I had moon, the rain have had describe. The circumstances I must change my plan.

I knew what I could do, I was pretty good at writing tragic stories and I would get up a good one for examination. It must be something very exciting, something that should make the very souls of my hearers shiver. It should take place on a calm, beautiful night after the shouts of revelry had died away. The moon should be high in the heavens, throwing a pale light over the scene—but just at that moment the musical tones of the supper bell roused me and remembering my determination to cultivate the habit of punctuality, especially at meal times, I left my essay and everybody seemed very agreeably disappointed that I did not have any for examination.

Now, my friends, I know this will indeed be, if at all, a poor addition to the interesting pages of the COMFORT, and I plead this as a sufficient cause for my brevity (?) Besides "When the eagle soars aloft, the bats take to their holes."

NOTE.—Had the writer's name been signed to this letter a prize monogram would have been awarded. With kindest wishes for all,  
AUNT MINERVA.



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## JOHN RICHARDS' PAST.

BY SAMUEL FREEDMAN.



JOHN RICHARDS, the village doctor, who, from his devotion to the sick, his kindness to the needy and his great knowledge of human nature, had become honored above the village magistrate, respected more than the schoolmaster and loved better than the minister, was walking slowly with bowed head up the dusty, village road to the house of Farmer Watkins where his loveliest and best-loved patient lived.

Evening was approaching. The west was brilliant with red. On either side lay yellow and golden cornfields. In the distance, farmers were mowing and reaping; their cheery voices carried to the village highway by the same breeze as bore the scent of the hay.

John Richards passed the house of Dick Harding, whose wife was trimming the morning glories trailing over the porch and singing in her own way an old country melody.

"Love is always young 'tis said,  
Youth and age should never wed.  
Youth is full of morning light,  
Age is dark from coming night.  
Youth's life and age is dead,  
Youth and age should never wed."

The village doctor paused for a moment as though the words of the song had a strange fascination for him. He leaned up to the fence placing his arms on the top rail.

"Bless us," cried the lady as she saw him, letting fall her trimming shears, "why, it's the doctor."

"Do you believe what you are singing about, mother?" he asked.

"Believe it? Why, it's true as Bible psalm. Many's the young wife who ha'nt found an old husband to her likin' Didn't Sue Bradley git the only divorce in these parts for nigh seventeen years last because Hiram Bradley was old and peevish like."

The village doctor did not stay to hear more. He turned away with a sigh and left the old lady standing still in amazement.

"Lord bless us," she said at last "it can't be that John Richards is in love. Why, if he would ask any girl in the village to be his wife she would die of conceit before the day would be over. They don't consider him old even if some gray hairs is sneakin' through his black ones."

The village doctor went his way. He felt his face, there were many wrinkles there. He rubbed his hands through his hair as though to feel the gray ones and he mumbled to himself the words of the refrain he had just heard.

His entrance seemed to bring with it a ray of sunshine into the Watkins' household and he was ushered with deference to a little hard-plastered room where the golden light of the evening sun was streaming in between the proud stalks of high sun flowers without and the faintest breath of the meadows crept in the partially raised window. On a reclining chair, propped with cushions, was Ruth his patient.

A faint smile and a slight blush came to her face as he approached. He sat by her side and took her hand while a hungry, wistful, yearning look came to his eyes.

"Ruth," he said, "I have killed the fever that has been tearing your little body to pieces and yet, though you are recovered, you do not gain your former strength. I am now convinced that there is something more than of the body which worries you. You do not look me in the face any more, Ruth. You thwart me when I wish to study you. Was there not something that brought on this fever? Can you not tell it to me?"

The girl's features resumed their sickly pallor. She turned her face away.

"No," she said, "not to you."

An expression of pain crossed the village doctor's face.

"Ruth," he said, "you were too young to remember when your mother came here, a stranger among strangers. You know what she came this way for. It was to find your father who was in the mines in the West. She was taken sick here. I nursed her and before she died I promised to protect you, her baby girl. Afterwards, you know, I heard of your father. He had been killed in the mines. Then these good people assumed the place of your parents and I tried to be to you as he would have been—your counselor. And now as that counselor, Ruth, I ask you, is there anything that has come into your life which I should know—which you should tell me?"

A sob from the pillow was the only reply.

"Ruth," he went on, "I have always let you do as you wished. I have guarded your body as best a physician could, but I could not do so with your heart. Ruth, is it a trouble of the heart?"

Another sob was still the only response and the patient moved slightly away from him.

"You have known all the young men of the village. There are many of them to admire and some of them to love," and his face twitched slightly. "Do you—do you love any of them, Ruth?"

"No, no," she cried with spirit.

"But you do love, Ruth," he said, and his breath for the moment came quicker, "am I not right?"

The girl's head was deep in the pillows.

"Yes," she said.

"Whom do you love, Ruth?"

"You, Mr. Richards."

The patient's face was entirely hidden by the pillows now, as though her head had sunk so from shame and humiliation.

The village doctor started back with a cry of wild joy. In a moment he would have had her in his arms but a hand was placed on his shoulder and he stood face to face with Farmer Watkins who whispered to him:

"Come with me, John, I must speak with you."

Richards stood for a moment still with stupefied astonishment till Watkins said very close to his ear: "It's about your past, John."

Those words had a startling effect upon John Richards. He turned deathly pale and followed the other man.

Farmer Watkins was a typical American, honest, honorable and in his way tried to be just. He was not broad or liberal intellectually, but he was so jealous of honor that he would have torn away his heart if dishonor had taken root there.

then one dares not speak," said Watkins. "I was sure that if you found I knew your secret, you would be forever suspicious of me and I cared too much for your friendship to lose it. Yes, John, love and friendship between man and man is an unusual thing in this selfish, hurly burly age, but when it exists there is nothing greater or better on earth. And though I knew that love had entered both your hearts, I said to myself, 'A man like him will never ask an innocent girl like her to be his wife. He knows better than I could tell him that his life's unfit to mate with hers,' and so I felt there was no fear. I thought John, you, yourself would decide where your duty lay."

"But I love her so, Watkins, I love her so," said the village doctor. "Why is it we should not keep the secret. I promise you, I will live only for her. I will fill her life so full of happiness that she will love me whatever I was."

"John, I notice when our girl comes to you, you shudder before you take her white hand in yours. She comes to you, John, with a heart as pure and a soul as white as those hands. Hers is a life on which the sun has always shone; would you cast the first cloud? You may have some claims on her, but she's like a child to us. She shan't marry a man who can't look his past in the face."

"Heaven builds the future from the past," sobbed Richards with his head in his arms.

"But God Himself can't change a thing that's done," said the other. "Give her up, John. Be yourself. Be goodly."

"It costs so much to be good," said Richards still with his face in his hands.

"It's the cheapest thing on earth, John," said Watkins. "You can have God for the asking, and there's no admission fee to Heaven!"

## THE KIND THE PRESIDENT EATS.

VERY few people will ever know how it feels to be President of the United States, but every reader of COMFORT can eat just such sausage-rolls as are dispensed at the White House. Here is Mrs. Harrison's recipe for this simple but wholesome dish:—

## EXECUTIVE MANSION

WASHINGTON.

## Sausage Roll.

Make a light biscuit dough (made with milk) & let it rise overnight. In the morning, roll it out then & cut into shape with a biscuit cutter. In the center of each place a roll of sausage. The size of a good sized Hickory Nut, & roll it up in the dough. After letting them stand in the pan for a few minutes bake & serve hot. These rolls are also good cold & when children we used to have them to take to school for our luncheon in bad weather.

Caroline Scott Harrison

"But I tell you that I love her," cried Richards springing to his feet. Words are good for those who can reason, but I'm beyond it. Others have done as I could do before. Have all my years of suffering been in vain?"

"I ask you now, have all your years of suffering been in vain? I have been her adopted parent, you her counselor; so come, though it be as strong a medicine as ever you ministered, tear this love from your heart—for the sake of our child."

Lights were now appearing in the cottages spread widely over the perspective from village to hill. Far away, there was the mellow tone of a dolorous bell in the temple of the church, the form of which loomed dark on the crest of the distant hill, cast in relief against the brilliant horizon, while the red light of its windows welcomed the villagers who were passing with hymn books in hand along the dusty road, not a stone thrown from the two men.

One of these paused a moment and called to Richards:

"Aint ye goin' to church? John? Ye'd better be. The minister's goin' to give ye sinners a powerful tearin' up," and the joker joined his companions with a laugh.

Richards gave a far away look at the church on the hill and at his features there seemed to come the strength of a great resolve. His companion moved restlessly as though feeling ill at ease. Just then Ruth appeared at the doorway, looked at them furtively for a moment and noiselessly stepped to the village doctor's side.

"Mr. Richards," she said simply, "forgive me for the confession I made. I will try to be woman enough to conquer it all—I will, indeed. Only don't think the less of me for it—I could not bear that. When I saw how nobly you were—were doing good—ever since I can remember, sacrificing yourself to heal others' pain, I felt that whatever goodness I possessed, belonged to you. It was only to be expected that the unknown child whose life you had filled with attention and her soul so full of happiness, that if—

it—you had caused misery to a hundred others, it would only counterbalance it, that she should love you and feel that your life had grown into hers."

There was silence for a moment. Neither man spoke and Ruth sank to a rustic bench at their side.

John Richards had not moved his eyes from the church on the hill in which could be seen the villagers entering and from it the plaintive tones of the organ issuing. But now he turned, took the girl's both hands in his and said:

"Ruth, I did wrong in wringing the secret from you. It was man's selfishness. Forgive me. It would have been better to have let it remain unsaid. Your love may be only that of a girl's and easily changed. Good-night, child. I will see you again in the morning when, perhaps, you will know me better."

He kissed her as a father would an obedient child, but he said to Watkins as he parted at the gate: "I am going to leave here to-morrow forever."

"Father," called Watkins' wife from the house, "if ye're goin' to church this evenin' ye had better come in and get ready about it. It's nigh time for services already."

"The sermon is on the text: 'He that saveth a soul shall purge his own,'" said the girl looking away into space.

Farmer Watkins gazed at her earnestly a moment, then he stroked her hair and tenderly lifted her face to look into her eyes.

"You said just now," he said, "that he had saved many lives and gave to you what goodness you possessed. Do you believe that text?"

"Yes," she said earnestly, "do not you?"

"There might be some truth in it," said Farmer Watkins. "There might be some truth in it after all, perhaps."

There was an unusually large crowd of the village

pray others to keep from sin, but pursue them with their crime if they fall. He has tried to live over a dead self but it is a dead self at the best and it lies festering in mortification about him. I tell you this, and his voice grew husky, "for I am that man and I am about to return to the East again that I may pay the penalty of my crime and there live over the past in the gaze of those who knew me at the worst. In time, they will forgive—they will forgive, but you who have accepted me to your hearts as spotless, what will you think; what will you say now that you know the truth?"

There was the utmost astonishment depicted in each face looking bewildered from one to another. There was a dull silence too as though the listeners had been stunned to speechlessness till a girl's voice at Richards' elbow broke over the assembly:

"They will say, Mr. Richards, that you have taught them a greater lesson than could have been handed from the pulpit. They will now know why the tears furrowed your cheeks each Sabbath and how you have paid back happiness to many for misery perhaps caused to some. And they will ask you to remain here to teach them your will and aid them with your strength."

It was Ruth and she stood by his side half imploring, half defying. Farmer Watkins was the next to advance and he said:

"John, I did you a wrong this evening. I ask your pardon and the honor of grasping your hand. You shan't say the words of the text are untrue."

It was then that the minister asked: "What was your name before, John?"

"John Edwards,"

"Then I have news for you," said the minister in a voice that all could hear, "for I received a letter saying that in the matter of which you have just spoken, all the money which had been missing was known to have been returned from this place and the letter instructed me as pastor of this village to find a John Edwards and to inform him that the charges made against him were withdrawn and papers were enclosed showing release of all proceedings."

A cheer rose up from the assembly. The pastor's words had met with unanimous approval. The village doctor's hands were wrung by many and it was evident that John Richards' past was forgotten and his pardon was complete.

But before dismissing the people, the pastor said as he looked without at the few streaks of dull crimson that yet remained in the sky:

"Each day is a life in itself and as ages rise from days, so lives are shaped from deeds. But the deeds of our past are like days that are ended, for days and deeds die out and new ones spring therefrom."

"Ruth," said Richards that evening, "did you not hesitate when you learned the truth?"

"I too have a confession to make," she said. "I knew it all along, John. Unbeknown to anyone, I too heard your frenzied confessions when you were ill here that time."

Richards supported his head on his hand and the tears flowed down his cheeks.

"Can John Edwards ever be worthy of you?" he asked.

"John Richards is," said Ruth. "Raise your head, John, and we will look the world in the face together."

"Don't Tobacco Spit Your Life Away" Is the startling, truthful title of a little book just received, telling all about *Notobac*, the wonderful, harmless, economical, guaranteed cure for the tobacco habit in every form. Tobacco users who want to quit and can't, by mentioning COMFORT can get the book mailed free. Address THE STERLING REMEDY CO., Box 712, Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind. They also offer exclusive territory to good agents.

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## Profitable Points on Home Dress-making.

WRITTEN FOR "COMFORT" BY RUTH PARKTON.



As I strolled through the largest dry goods store in Boston last week, I saw a pile of some delicate fabric in most exquisite tints, with a card overhanging bearing the words "15 cents a yard." Stopping to look, I found that it was the Yeddo crepe, a cotton crepe that is as pretty in its way as the silk. A pale delicate green piece was simply irresistible and I bought nine yards, sending it to my dressmaker. I went to see her the next day and told her that I wanted it made in the simplest possible style just for home wear. She is an artist in her business and a glance showed her what could be done with it. "I'll make it so that you can wear it all through September and October and even in the winter for evenings at home. And it will cost you hardly anything yet will be one of the sweetest gowns you have," she said. I told her that that was precisely what I wanted. Well, I went in a day or two for "trying on" and in another day or two it was sent home completed, and I am free to confess that my China silk, French delaine and Japanese silk crepe gowns have faded into insignificance beside the daintiness of that fifteen cent gown! Yet it is so simple that any of the bright girls who read COMFORT could easily fashion one for herself, so let me describe and picture it.

First make a princess slip of ordinary cambric or silesia, the same color as the material. Then shirr the material (which is cut in straight breadth for the skirt) on this foundation, adjusting it over the hips while on the figure. The waist is to be cut in two pieces, a front and back, allowing sufficient for full shirring in the front and less in the back. Attach and adjust the waist on the foundation waist in such a way that skirt and waist will seem to be one continuous length from throat to hem. Full sleeves are worn, shirred to form a cuff. Now make a short Zouave jacket of green velveteen or velvet, of a much darker shade than the crepe, without sleeves, and you have a gown that may be worn on very hot days without the jacket, and with the jacket will be comfortable at any season, and is as dainty a costume as any girl need desire. The cost of the whole, if made by a deft-fingered girl in odd hours, will not exceed \$4.00 for a girl of medium size, and of course it should not be worn by any but a rather slender and petite figure.

An additional advantage in such a gown as I have described is that it can be laundered every week if necessary and if carefully treated, look like new every time. It would be equally pretty in pale pink with jacket of green or garnet, yellow with dark blue, or pale blue with dark green, if tints were carefully selected.

But now that September has come, we all need to think of fresh outdoor costumes for the autumn months. One that my dressmaker is now making, is of golden brown cloth with loose blouse shirt of ecru silk and Figaro jacket of the cloth. The full sleeves are of the cloth and the deep cuffs of the silk with leaves of golden brown velvet applique'd upon them. A pointed belt of golden brown velvet ribbon is fastened in front by a gold clasp. The jacket and the right side of the skirt (which barely touches) are also trimmed with leaves of the velvet applique.

Does this sound rather expensive? Well, it is. But just think a moment and see how the expense can be reduced and the beauty preserved. Four yards of goods 44 inches wide will make the skirt and jacket, and a nice wool material may be bought for a dollar a yard. Lansdowne cloth, an exquisitely soft mixture of silk and wool, can be bought in cream tints for \$1.25 a yard and as it is 46 inches wide only about a yard and a quarter are needed. A golden brown passementerie might be used in place of the velvet applique and is not necessary except on the jacket and sleeves, for which a yard and three-quarters or two yards at most would be ample and can be bought for 75 cents a yard. Here, then, you have material for skirt and Figaro jacket—\$4.00, material for blouse—\$1.50, passementerie—\$1.50, and linings, say another dollar. Total, \$8.00 for an exquisite gown.

These are gowns that any girl of taste, with skill in the use of her needle, can make at home. Do not be afraid to try them because they are not of the ordinary pattern-book style. The consciousness of having a really artistic and novel gown will amply repay any extra trouble involved in the planning and making.

Another gown that every young woman needs, whether in town or country, is a tea gown not too dressy for ordinary wear, yet pretty and becoming. Whether there be any one but one's own family present, it is worth while to make an effort to be well dressed at all times. The

entire family will feel happier on a rainy night if the daughter of the house wear a pretty gown. For such a dress, try something like this: Six and a half yards, double width, of a cheap woolen fabric (in some dark color, blue, red, or green) and make it by an ordinary



princess pattern, adding a box-plaited width at the back of the neck, caught lightly down to the hem. Make no darts in the material in front, but have a fitted lining and let the fronts fall loosely to the hem. Get about eight yards of a pretty ribbon of some harmonizing color and make a soft bow with ends falling almost to the hem, for the back, to be fastened at the throat. Fasten a piece under the bow to come under each arm to the front, one longer than the other to enable it to come to the right side where both ends fasten under another bow with long ends. It takes a good deal of ribbon but gives a charmingly dressy effect at comparatively small cost. If the dress be made with a slight train, so much the prettier. With silvery gray material, pink ribbons are charming; with dark gray, a carefully selected pale blue; with dark green, pale blue or lemon yellow; with red, white or red ribbons.

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**B \* \* \* N**

The above is a WORD PUZZLE of six letters, three of which have been omitted, their places being filled by stars. Now if you put a letter where each star is you can spell the name of a certain place in the U. S. STUDY IT! We will give a SPLENDID WATCH FREE to every person who sends a correct answer to this Puzzle on or before Dec. 1st, 1892, provided 25 cents is enclosed for sample packages of our new charming PERFUME. The correct answer to the puzzle has been sealed in an envelope and deposited in the safe of a Justice of the Peace. Every correct answer (if accompanied with 25 cents for Perfumery) will enable the sender to a watch. We guarantee the Watch to be worth \$5.00. This great offer is made to introduce our Perfumery into every home. We know that all who buy it will become regular customers, and those who send correct answers and get watches free will talk about us and thus help sales. Remember that we will do just as we agree, or will forfeit ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS. This adv. will not appear again. Answer at once and be happy. Address V. H. RAE & CO., 11 Province St., Boston, Mass.



## A GIRL'S GYMNASIUM.



HE fortunate girls who live in the country are generally trained in a vastly more healthful way than the city girl and the latter is obliged to supply artificially the exercise that comes naturally to the former. How many of you who read COMFORT month after month, have seen a Young Ladies' Gymnasium?

Not long ago I visited the Allen Gymnasium in Boston, as I had often done before, and it seemed to me that a slight description of it and its founder would be of interest to many.

The Allen Gymnasium is of especial interest to women as it is not only designated for their exclusive use but is the product of a woman's brain and a woman's energy. Miss Mary E. Allen was at one time master's assistant in a Boston grammar school and was known as one of the most successful teachers in the city. Her methods of instruction were original and so attractive that her classes always graduated with a higher average of merit than any others. One of her favorite theories was in regard to calisthenic exercises and to such a degree of excellence did she carry this branch, until then considered of comparatively little importance, that teachers from all the other schools came to see and adopt her methods.

After a few years, however, Miss Allen found her health giving way under the confinement of school life and she resigned her position. Then the idea came to her that her love for and experience in physical training might be made useful as a life profession. She began by taking a single large room in a central part of the city and soon young women who felt the need of more systematic exercise than had been attainable, came to her classes. Naturally, these young women in most cases belonged to the wealthier families of the city—poor girls, alas, must earn, not spend money—and "Miss Allen's gymnastic classes" became very much the fashion. As time went on there was need of more space and so great was the confidence in Miss Allen that a few rich men whose daughters were her pupils, agreed to build for her a gymnasium that should embody all her ideas and embrace every desirable feature known to modern physical culture. The large, fine building of whose principal room an illustration is here given, is the result. It was erected under Miss Allen's supervision and was then leased by her.

So short an article as this can not enter very fully into details, but the illustration gives a vivid idea of the appearance presented at any hour of the day during the winter, for there is a class for every hour from nine to five. Here you see girls developing the muscles of the leg in the running jump over the vaulting horse. The flying rings are valuable not only as developing the biceps, flexors, extensors and pectoral muscles, but also because familiarity with them gives accuracy of observation, nerve and self-confidence. It is easy to see how, in case of fire, for instance, a girl accustomed to the flying rings might save herself by a daring spring that she would never otherwise think of making. The same is true of the "ladder practice" which trains the muscles of both arms and legs. The race course, or running track, is in the balcony and its use is training to proper breathing. Here the runner is taught to breathe naturally, keeping the mouth shut, and quickly learns by experience that economy of breath is economy of force. Of the many other appliances for developing strength and grace it is not possible to speak now, but should any of you visit Boston next winter, do not fail to see the Allen Gymnasium.

## IN A TURKISH BATH.

Did you ever take a Turkish bath? No? Then let me describe one that I had a few days ago. It was such a hot day! I felt as if in a laundry and in desperation decided to cool off in a Turkish bath. So I went over to the Allen Baths, which are exclusively for women, and are in connection with Miss Allen's Gymnasium, although open to the public at \$1.50 per bath. Yes, that seems pretty high, but you will think it is worth it when you see the exquisite daintiness of the place. This Boston institution into which no man can enter has the reputation of being the most beautiful and artistic establishment for the purpose in the country. The illustration will show you the "plunge," where in a room fifteen feet by thirty the bather can learn to swim, under the direction of an experienced teacher. The illustration cannot show, however, the dainty coloring, the platform of pure white marble guarded by a rail of polished metal, the altar-like niche of snowy hammered marble turning to brilliant reddish brown under the action of the water that tumbles over it into the bath and forms a picturesque contrast to the tall ferns in handsome pots that decorate it—the white, green and Rose Aurora marbles and tiles that give such brilliance to the wonderfully pure water—all this is hardly suggested by the illustration, accurate as it is.

But to begin at the beginning. Entering the pretty office with its sweet-faced attendant, you write your name and residence in a book, pay your bill and are conducted to a neat little dressing-room with a narrow but comfortable bed, a mirror, a chair and hooks for clothing, on the snowy bed lies a sheet of Turkish towel and an ordinary sheet. You wrap the latter about you after removing your clothing and a cheery Swedish woman takes you in charge. First you are taken to the Hot Room where you make yourself comfortable in a reclining chair. The room is very dainty, with pure white tile finish and tall white enamel screens with panels of delicate blue and yellow, but you have hardly time to notice that when you begin to gasp. The heat is almost insufferable—you almost start to your feet to leave the room—then you think how foolish that would seem and sit down again. The thermometer is 130 degrees and soon the perspiration comes from every pore. Then you regain your breath and await developments. Five, ten, fifteen minutes pass, as you see by the clock on the window-seat and then your attendant returns and leads you to a second hot room where she turns on the steam, bids you lie down on the marble slab that is at one side and once more leaves you. You have a rubber air pillow under your head and having resigned yourself to the heat feel rather comfortable. You thought that you were perspiring, before. You seem to be simply dissolving,

here. The sheet in which you are wrapped is drenched. As you arrive at the conclusion that "Hulda" (the Swede) will find only your bones on her return, she comes and takes you out of the steam into the massage-room. Everywhere is pure white marble, snowy tiles on wall, and not an atom of wood visible. In the massage or douche room you lie down on another marble slab, throw the enveloping sheet aside and Hulda's deft fingers knead your body from forehead to toes. You will be disgusted to see the little black rolls that rise all over your skin under Hulda's manipulation, but do not worry. That does not indicate any lack of neatness on your part. It is only that the steaming process loosens all the dry and impure skin. After five or ten minutes of Hulda's skillful manipulations she bids you stand on the floor, and turns a douche of warm water upon you. This is soon changed to a "needle spray" which makes you feel as if in a driving hail-storm and almost cuts the sensitive skin. The water gradually grows cooler and winter seems to have come. Finally a cold douche takes your breath away and, half-dazed, you are lightly rubbed dry, given a dry sheet in which to envelop yourself and you return to the dressing-room, where you lie down. Hulda covers you with the "Turkish" sheet and there you lie for an hour if you like. When you dress and go out, you feel as if you could fly! All the heat and discomfort of the day have gone and the lungs breathe free and strong!

RUTH PARKTON.

## THE MYSTIC CASTLE.

MY DEAR MYSTIC FRIENDS: Welcome twice welcome to all who have gathered this month to greet Oldcastle and join the "Mystic Band." Hope each and every one will take a special interest in this, our "square issue," and endeavor to send a complete list of solutions.

First of all we will hear the result of the "GOLD MEDAL TOURNAMENT," which was unavoidably postponed from our last number. The Medal and the laurels of the contest are awarded to Eglantine, who correctly solved seventy out of the seventy-two puzzles which appeared in "The Mystic Castle" during the six months. Sphinx follows a close second, with



sixty-nine correct solutions. Doc and W. E. Wyatt tie for third place. Priority of receipt being taken into consideration, Doc wins third place. Sixty-eight solutions each. Hercules comes up fifth with sixty-seven correct solutions, while Ypsie follows closely with sixty-six solutions and wins sixth place.

Honorable mention is due many others who made excellent records, while all who entered did well, breaking their former records at solving the "Intricate Knots from Puzzledom."

The prize for the best article on the "square," is awarded to Miss Lilla W. Sickler, Pala, California, whose very creditable production appears below.

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS:—Blossom, (Englewood, Ill.); 15; Nosne Benson and Tyro two, and Ypsie, Guardineer, Chance, Katie Gallagher, So So and Remardo one each.

SOLVERS TO JUNE'S MYSTERIES—COMPLETES:—Doc, Sphinx, Ypsie, Eglantine, Frank and Sweet Lilac, 16, INCOMPLETES:—Chance, P. A. Stime and W. E. Wyatt, 15; Waldemar and Harold, 14; Remardo, Minne A. Polis, Misses Josie and Daisy Bourjal and Hercules, 13; A. F. B. and Essay, 12; N. Igma and Thinker, 11; Arty Fishel and Frank Pratt, 9; Beb, Cowboy, Veritas and Eureka, 8; Aspiro, G. Whizz, Blackey Charley and Tyro, 5; So So, 5; Calo, Bill Queer and Madchen, 4; Ignoramus, Solver, Plod and Ajax, 3; Red Elm, 1.

PRIZE WINNERS:—1. Doc, 2. Sphinx, 3. Ypsie. SPECIALS:—1. Beb, 2. Minne A. Polis. Miss Elizabeth Houck and Mrs. H. J. Bantle:—Your solutions were incorrect. Try again, Harry Blitch:—Your solutions to May were late. Try to send your list earlier. Glad to have you join us. Sweet Lilac:—Thanks for large list of solutions. Will be pleased to hear from you regularly.

Subscribers failing to receive COMFORT regularly should notify Morse & Co., not me, in order to have the error promptly rectified.

Hoping to receive one or more solutions to the "Mysteries" from every one who reads the "Mystic Castle" this month, and that much enjoyment and instruction will be gained therefrom, I remain,

Your dear old Mystic Friend, OLDCASTLE.

SOLUTIONS TO JUNE MYSTERIES.

No. 317. "The proper study of mankind is man."

No. 318. "A Yankee in King Arthur's court."

No. 319. Cat-bird.

No. 320. Cypress.

No. 321. Mercatious, (obs.)

No. 322. I undertake to oversee those beneath me.

No. 323. 1. Stone, 2. Amanda, 3. Proverb.

No. 324. Pulchritude.

No. 325. Zingiberaceous.

No. 326. John Dory.

No. 327. 1. A. SUP. 3. WARES. 4. SATIRIC.

9. B. AURICULAR. 6. PERUSER. 7. SILES. 8. CAR.

No. 328. 1. S. 2. JEW. 3. DOMAL. 4. DERIBED.

5. JOB'S TEARS. 6. SEMITERTIAN. 7. WATER-SHED. 8. LEATHER. 9. DRIER. 10. SAD. 11. N.

No. 329. "He that sips of many arts, drinks of none."

No. 330. Fond; found.

No. 331. Mayflower.

No. 332. 1. RABAT. 2. APACHE. 3. BANTENG.

4. ACTUATED. 5. THEATINES. 6. ENTIRELY.

7. GENERAL. 8. DELATE. 9. SYLES.

THE SQUARE.

(Prize Article.)

The word square is fraught with many meanings

and associations. Freemasons "meet upon the level and part upon the square." Friend puzzlers, we meet this month upon the square. Perhaps many young folks and novices have come to be initiated into our "Mystic Order."

Simplicity is the fundamental stone in all science; so it behooves us to choose from the varied and beautiful forms of puzzles, a block so simple as to be perfect, that the veriest tyro may build upon and feel assured of a true foundation. We must put into his hand the carpenter square of our order, that he may try his block to see if it be true.

First, the word-square must have equal sides. In order to determine how many letters will make the proper size block, count how many words are defined in the given puzzle. Then for each definition given, you select a word, of the required number of letters, that will answer its meaning.

If you find when completing, that the series of words are so arranged that they can be read vertically as well horizontally with a like result, you have proven your workmanship true, as regards the standard word-square.

## MYSTERIES.

## SQUARES.

No. 335. 1. A Sabine goddess. 2. A Latin people. 3. A proper name. 4. Not able. 5. Needless. 6. To estimate.

Dubois, Ills., ASPIRO.

No. 336. 1. One who holds land of a superior. 2. Practical. 3. Magazines. 4. Enticing women. 5. Revenge. 6. To reduce in dignity.

Oswego, N. Y., VENUS.

No. 337. 1. A fruit of the East Indies. 2. Ass-drivers. (French.) 3. A town in Mass. 4. Venture or covering of wild beasts, (obs.) 5. A plant. 6. One of a sect remarkable for their strictness and abstinence.

Foxboro, Mass., CHANCE.

No. 338. 1. Makes sore. 2. A small European singing bird. 3. To tempt. 4. An organized living being. 5. To recant. 6. Partial inclosures, (Eng.)

Coigate, N. Dak., PAT RIOT.

No. 339. 1. A little fellow. 2. Kind. 3. A feminine name. 4. One who is ignorant and barbarous. 5. Final close, (obs.) 6. In a real manner.

Poultney, Vt., GUARDINEER.

No. 340. 1. Verily, (obs.) 2. To weaken. 3. A district. 4. Tests of virtue. 5. To emit. 6. Sensations.

Roseville, Ills., JUPITER.

No. 341. 1. Blue coral, which grows in the form of a tree. 2. A constellation. 3. The shell or cover of a kind of muscle. 4. More abundant. 5. To uncover, (obs.) 6. Burned on the surface.

Park Side, Ills., COWBOY.

No. 342. 1. In Mythology, the wife of Saturn and mother of the gods. 2. Farmers. 3. The north wind. 4. To issue. 5. A confederacy. 6. To close the eyes of.

South Acworth, N. H., TYRO.

No. 343. 1. Pertaining to anything in its undeveloped state. 2. Drinks made of honey flavored with the juice of mulberries. 3. Breaks, (obs.) 4. Obliteration.

Bangor, Pa., T. HINKER.

No. 344. 1. Species of Hickories. 2. A shrub of Southern Europe. 3. Greek or Latin proper name, (Web.) 4. One versed in the Arabic language. 5. Greek or Latin

proper name, (Web.) 6. The cutting off of a syllable.

7. Fixing. RIDGE, Oregon, ROKEYB.

No. 345. 1. An engraving. 2. A female who takes care of cattle, (Pare.) 3. Large flat drums used by the Hindoos. 4. The posture of things. 5. Pleasing to the taste. 6. Having the face of a lemur. 7. He leads out this, (Latin.) 8. Hard substances growing on the inside of a horse's knee, among the small bones.

Royal Oak, Md., NOSNE BENSON.

No. 346. Double Square.

Across. 1. A carrier. 2. A river of Transylvania. 3. Reckons, (obs.) 4. Consumers. 5. An English humorous writer, (1713-1768.) 6. The forms which a verb takes by inflection, so as to indicate the time of the action or event signified.

Down. 1. Dost pare. 2. A salt of oleic acid. 3. Corrupt. 4. Certain fresh-water fish of the sucker family. 5. Eternal, (Poetic.) 6. Carnivorous animals allied to the elvet.

Ardmore, Pa., REMARDO.

## PRIZES FOR SOLUTIONS.

1. For the best list, "The Magic Square Puzzle," (offered by Oldcastle.)

2. For the second best list, "Champion Fisherman's Outfit."

3. For the third best list, "The Favorite Collection of Songs."

Specials:—Two six-months subscriptions awarded by lot among the rest of the solvers.

Contest closes Nov. 1. Solutions, solvers and prize winners in December "Mystic Castle."

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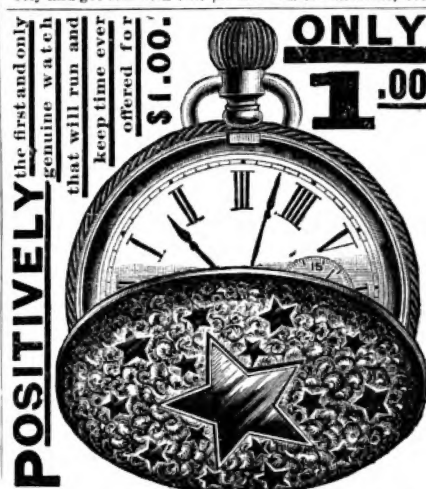
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DOWN THE HOME STRETCH.

## HORSE RACING.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE GREAT RACERS AND THE MEN WHO OWN THEM.—HOW A FORTUNE IS MADE IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE.

PERHAPS the greatest lovers of the Turf in the world are our own countrymen, and the annals of racing are studied both in this country and abroad with the brilliant victories of our own native horses, and the votaries of the sport seem to be daily growing in numbers. P. Lorillard, the creator and owner of Tuxedo, the Four Hundred's exclusive country place, has once more re-entered the scene after an absence of several years. J. B. Haggin, the great California millionaire and Senator Stanford of the same State are equally well known as owners and breeders of horses. An animal that brings \$150,000.00 is surely "worth his weight in gold," as the saying is, and that is the price recently paid by Mr. J. M. Forbes of Boston for his latest equine acquisition.

The crowds that daily gather round the Grand Stand are the most enthusiastic sportsmen that exist. The Base Ball Crank and the Bicycle Crank are mild in comparison. Forty thousand necks were eagerly stretched to witness Judge Morrow come down the home stretch at the last Brooklyn Handicap, and forty thousand voices roared themselves hoarse cheering the victorious winner. In a fraction less than two minutes the owner of Judge Morrow earned twenty-five thousand dollars in stakes, and all around him were men who had backed the plucky horse, and were winners of from five to fifty thousand dollars. When such princely sums are won and lost almost in the twinkling of an eye, it is small wonder that the sport proves of such absorbing interest, and that the men and horses become of national celebrity.

It is a fact always to be deplored in this connection that the curse of gambling seems inseparably connected with the race track. It is a matter that has been of deep concern to those whose desires have always been to advance the sport beyond the influence of the pool room and the bucket shop. But no remedy has yet been found. The main cause of complaint arises from the fact that the money lost in pool rooms invariably comes from the pockets of young men who can ill afford to lose it, and sometimes the papers are called upon to record a defalcation as a result. This loss of reputation is one of the darkest shadows of the track, and though there are warning voices at every post, yet the strange fascination of the pool room proves irresistible, and every season shows its victims. But the opposition to the pool room gathers strength every year, and perhaps it will eventually succeed in removing this evil from what is undoubtedly a manly and altogether vigorous sport.

On the day of an event like the "Suburban" the crowd that presses to the scene of action is something wonderful. They go in all sorts of weather and in all sorts of conveyances. The millionaire jostles the bell boy, and the district messenger elbows the visiting statesman. Ladies, too, are there in all the gorgeousness of spring toilets, and all over the enclosure the scene is one of suppressed excitement. From forty to fifty thousand people are crowding past the grand stand, elbowing their way to the book makers, and the starter is quietly taking his place by the flag pole. A few unimportant races are run off, and at last comes the great event of the day, the crowning one of the season—the Suburban Handicap. For months preceding, men have been placing sums of money on their favorites, and some, as the horses line up to the starter, face ruin or great fortune. It is an exciting moment. Down to the starting pole come the horses in a bunch. But the line is badly broken and the signal is withheld. As the horses straggle back into position, everyone has a chance to get another view of the horse which means so much to him in the event of success or failure. Longstreet has been a great pacer and is heavily backed; but the track is heavy and Longstreet needs a dry one. But he still leads the field in betting. Judge Morrow steps lightly and never looked so sleek or so shiny. The trial performances of the Judge have revealed unexpected possibilities and the handsome animal is greeted with a burst of cheers. Aratus, Tenny, Tea Tray, Salvador, The Bard, and other famous racers are in the string, and as they prance around the starting post excitement is at fever heat.

Down the track come the horses this time in good form. The flag drops and away they go amid a mighty yell from the dense mass of humanity that surge around the border of the track. The string lengthens and the horses scatter. Now Longstreet leads, now Judge Morrow, now Prince Russell. Judge Morrow seems to be out of it. The home stretch is reached and it is anybody's race yet. Will it be Longstreet? He seems to hold out well. Will it be Tea Tray—he is well in front but cannot be depended upon. Will it be Judge Morrow? He is not so well up, but seems to fairly fly, and shows no sign of the terrible pace as yet.

The Judge's stand seems almost within the grasp of Pessara, when Judge Morrow shoots out of the bunch like a rocket and lands a winner by an easy length! The great Handicap is over and the men who backed Judge Morrow are richer by many thousands than they were a few minutes ago. The crowd surges around the book makers stand. Some wear a joyful look, and others look as if a suit of sack cloth and ashes would be about their size.

The horse young women in the grand stand think they are very very fat because they bet a few dollars under the eye of a sober old chaperone, compare notes, and the young men who have lost to them meekly go out and buy caramels and bon mots.

The season now at its height has been one of the most successful on record, and the sport seems to be daily growing more popular, if that is at all possible.

## PLUM DUFF.

"Plum Duff" is the great holiday dish of the sailors, and no real feast is considered perfect without it. There are many traditions respecting the origin of the name, but this is very likely the true one: Way back in the history of the navy an English brig in the South Pacific was caught in a series of awful hurricanes. Those on board were trying to reach a port in time to spend Christmas, but that happy holiday found them ill somewhere off the Navigator Islands. Worst of all, on the second day of the storm they had shipped a sea that tore loose a hen-coop containing a few live chickens, intended for a royal dinner, and which the cook had carefully lashed to stanchions just aft of the galley. When he saw the Christmas dinner floating in the lee scuppers and in imminent danger of going overboard, he made a gallant charge down the slippery sloping deck to recover them, but, at that moment a great green wall of water rose high over the bulwarks, broke with resistless fury on the very spot where he stood, and when it subsided, cook and chickens had disappeared. This unfortunate accident left the crew not only without

out a Christmas dinner but without any one to prepare an ordinary meal. The sailors were heartily sick of "hard tack" and "salt horse" and they remembered with much longing the famous Plum Pudding of Merrie England. So they determined that the loss of the cook should not spoil their holiday, and therefore drew lots as to who should venture the preparation of a pudding. The choice fell on the Boatwain's Mate, a brawny son of the Emerald Isle. This individual was lucky enough to rake out an old cook-book from some mysterious nook or corner of the galley. This he solemnly pored over in search of something promising, but could find hardly any dish described he dared to try, either from lack of the materials or want of skill. It was slow work, as he was not any too well educated, but at last he settled upon something. The recipe commenced "Make a stiff dough" etc. When the cook reached the word dough he said to himself, "If r-o-u-g-h spells ruff, dough ought to be duff." So he concocted the pudding in the highest style of the art, putting in some splendid Malaga raisins one of the crew by great good luck had found stowed away in his sea-chest, and served it out, covered with a generous quantity of burning rum. It was simply great! The sailors hailed it with delight and appreciation. "What d'ye call it?" said they. "Plum Duff," said the proud cook. So according to this account this English dish is Irish, after all.

An Irishman who was in Paris went to call on a friend living there, and on ringing the bell the door was opened by a maid. The Irishman had some knowledge of French, and so asked "Is Mr. So-and-so in?" in that language. It happened, however, that the girl spoke English well, so she said, "Ah, you are English." "How did you find that out?" he replied in the richest Tipperary brogue. "Oh," she said, "you are Irish." "Now how is this," returned the man, "be me Frinch I'm English, and be me English I'm Irish."

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## THE TOBACCO HABIT.

Although a great many persons enjoy life and fat up when victims of the tobacco habit, there are millions who would give all the worlds good they have in stock if they could but rid themselves of this curse of hawking, spitting and smoking. M. N. Tamer writes that he was for thirty years a slave to tobacco and it simply ruined his health. John Slinn a prominent business man in Fall River, Mass., said his heart got into the state that physicians called Tobacco Heart and the continual use of tobacco for



PAST THE JUDGES' STAND.

many years so upset his general health also, that he could not eat, sleep or work. Yet both of these and thousands of others found immediate relief and a permanent cure by simply taking one tablet of Oxien after each meal. As it will not cost our readers anything to try this wonderful but harmless remedy we advise all to send at once to The Giant Oxie Co., Augusta, Maine, and get free samples which they now send to all troubled in this manner. We have positive proof of the great good it is doing.

## A Dark Inheritance.

Is the name of one of the most popular and fastest selling novels now published, it is by Mary Cecil Hay, author of "Back to the Old Home," "A Wicked Girl," etc., etc. We are preparing special feature for October and November numbers of COMFORT and will send this free to all enclosing six cents for two months trial subscriptions. We also send the thrilling story of "Black Pietro" and other articles of interest free, if you order at once. Address The Publishers of COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and remember you will get the first installment of the "Nutshell Story Club" in the October issue.

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# Young Folks' Department



## MY DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:

You will no doubt be surprised to find me in charge of this column, where you have been accustomed to think of Aunt Minerva as the presiding genius. But she has so much work on her hands just at present that she has asked me to conduct the column this month, and if she should continue to be so busy, perhaps I may take it permanently in future. I hope that no one will be disappointed, and let all the boys and girls feel that their Uncle Josephus takes just as much interest in their letters, and is just as glad to hear from them, as ever Aunt Minerva could be.

Auntie has handed me the letters, and I find some very interesting ones. First we will hear from a little fellow away down in Texas.

"I am a little boy 5 years old. We came here from Tenn. last fall. The great broad, level prairies, covered with waving grain and grass, are a sight beautiful to behold. There are lots of mule-eared rabbits here, and they were quite a curiosity to me at first. There is no large game here. I live 12 miles from the city of Dallas. I went here to the Fair last fall, and saw many strange and pretty things to amuse both young and old people. I have a pup named Carlo, and a pet pigeon.

EDWARD SMITH, Mesquite, Dallas Co., Tex."

Next comes an older cousin.

"I have just been reading the letters from the dear shut-ins, and I think it would be a good idea for the cousins to club together and buy something for them. Each one would give a little, we could get a pretty book for some of them at Christmas, and make them very happy. What do you think of this, cousins? I will give something myself. Will you all write to me? I am 15 years old.

EDITH HILL, Box 113, Moss Point, Miss."

I think that is a good idea, Edith, and wish that the young folks could get in the way of doing more or the shut-ins. I am sure that it would please Aunt Minerva very much, and if you should wish to do anything such as Edith speaks of, you had better write to Auntie about it, and let her keep the money.

"In July COMFORT Auntie asked us to tell about our collections. I have specimens from 25 States, 16 from Canada, a piece of olive wood which was cut near Jerusalem, donated by Dr. Talmage, a horned toad, sea shells, Indian arrow heads, sea fern, petrified wood, deer horns, eye stones, and a variety of other things. Will the cousins help me to get something from every State for my cabinet? I will pay postage.

WILL S. DUNCAN, Box 78, Stonington, Ills."

"One of the cousins says, how many have ever seen a stone quarry? I live immediately in the centre of the great granite belt of N. C. It is about 15 miles long and over a mile wide. We see men working here in the quarries, some dressing curbing, some making Belgian blocks, others making rubble stone, blasting out rough granite, hauling, loading cars to be sent to various cities, where the stone is used in paving and macadamizing the streets. The hard, flinty pieces are used for millstones to grind corn and wheat.

CHARLOTTE E. WYATT, Faith, Rowan Co., N. C."

There is a great stone quarry not many miles from my home, where enormous blocks of granite are cut for pedestals, monuments, and very beautiful statues, which are sent all over the U. S. A statue of Capt. Hennessey, who was killed in New Orleans by the Italians, has lately been made there.

"I am a boy 12 years old, and my birthday is Dec. 20. We live in a valley with a high range of mountains on each side. This is a mining camp, and the mines are about 6 miles from where I live. My father is interested in the mines, and I often go there with him. Some of them produce ore which is very rich



## NO EAR FOR MUSIC.

You can talk about your trombone,  
Your trumpet, flute and fife,  
You can play upon a flageolet  
The balance of your life,  
Or blow from now till doomsday,  
On a clarinet or horn,  
But it can't come up to blowing  
On a steaming ear of corn.

E. L. S.

In gold and silver. There are two very high mountain peaks, one called Mt. Belknap and the other Mt. Baldy; in winter they are both covered with deep snow. A daily stage runs from this place to the terminus of the R. R., which is 40 miles from here. I would like to correspond with some of the cousins.

DEWITT C. TATE, Jr., Marysville, Platte Co., Utah."

After reading a letter from so far away, I take up next one from a Maine girl, who lives almost under the shadow of COMFORT, so to speak.

"I live in Manchester, about 4 miles out of Augusta, on a farm of 65 acres; it is called the prettiest place on the road. We keep ducks, geese, hens, cattle and horses. I ride horseback sometimes. I am getting up a geological collection. Would like to correspond with a few Western cousins about 17 years old.

ALICE R. BURNHAM, Augusta, Maine."

a very nice paper. The part I like best is the Young Folks' page; some letters are very interesting.

CARRIE T. KNOWLTON, Marlboro, N. H."

"I am a little girl 8 years old. I do not have much time to write, because after school nights I have to go to the post-office for papa, he keeps store and does not have much time to go. Saturday I have not much leisure. I help mama; I wash dishes and bring water, and go to see grandma and change papers with her. We have a big Maltese cat; it is such a good cat, and knows so much. I have a bisque doll; its eyes will open and shut. I have made it quite a few dresses and also hemmed a fine handkerchief, and am now piecing a quilt.

CARIBEL RYDER, Eagle Grove, Iowa."

I hope you will like to sew and to help mama just as well when you get older as you do now. It is a good plan to keep busy always; one is much more likely to be happy and contented.

"I would like to say a few words about stamp collecting. The first postage stamp was introduced into Great Britain, in 1840, by Sir Rowland Hill. He was not what might be called an original inventor. The idea which he had put into practical form, was first heard of in Sardinia, in 1815, when engraved labels with gummed backs were first used. The order in which the various nations adopted the new system inaugurated by Great Britain, was a curious one. The Swiss cantons and Brazil contest for the second

PENNSYLVANIA, Saluvia, Fulton Co.—Robert Sipes says: Enclosed find ten dollars for Oxien. I was crippled with rheumatism for several years, and suffered from other ailments. Oxien cured me, and other people want it because of the wonders it has done. It goes faster than I can get it.

ILLINOIS, New Douglas.—Miss Belle McPherson writes: I suffered a great deal the past years of my life with catarrh and neuralgia. I used different medicines without relief until I tried Oxien and that cured me. The wonderful Food for the Nerves is all you claim, and I can also say that it is a great remedy.

NEW YORK, De Ruyter.—Mrs. William Sterling. "I can truly say that Oxien has benefited me more than anything I have ever tried. For more than two years I have not been able to bend over to pick up anything from the floor, my back was so stiff, and it was almost more than I could do to get around. I shall always give Oxien the loudest praise."

ILLINOIS, Hopedale.—John Hanning. "I have used Oxien and will tell the public that it is just what it is represented to be. It works like magic. For nervous debility and strengthening the body it cannot be beaten. I have bought medicines for forty years but have never yet got hold of a remedy that does the work as Oxien does. It ought to be in every household."

TENNESSEE, Stevarts Ferry.—Mrs. Betty Seaborn writes: I have tested your excellent Food for the Nerves and so has my mother, Mrs. Sarah Hager, who is 72 years old and has been afflicted for years with weak back and dyspepsia. It cured her back and she can eat anything and rests well at night. I have recommended Oxien to neighbors and they all like it.

NORTH CAROLINA, Leggett.—Caroline H. Hedgpath says: Oxien has done me more good than any doctor's medicine I ever tried.

MISSISSIPPI, Aberdeen.—Sarah M. Adams. "I received the Giant box of Oxie all right and think it is beneficial. It is more beneficial to me than anything I have ever taken, and I begin to feel all right again."

ALABAMA, Chunchula.—O. P. Ingersoll says: "I enclose one dollar, for which please send me a Giant box of Oxie. I think it is worth its weight in gold and I would not be without it."

ARKANSAS, Galloway.—C. C. Naylor. "My little girl has had spasms for three months and Oxien stopped them."

VERMONT, Pawlet, Rutland Co.—Mrs. Geo. E. Townslee writes: enclosed find one dollar for a Giant box of that wonderful Food for the Nerves. I cannot say too much in its praise. My father, who will be seventy years old next July (1892) was troubled with rheumatism for years. Since using Oxien he is free from all rheumatic pains, sleeps well and has a good appetite.

MAINE, Norway P. O.—A. T. Crocker says: Enclosed find five dollars for which send me Oxien. I will act as agent. I have given it a good trial and can praise it highly.

NEBRASKA, Palmer.—C. B. McCormick writes: Enclosed please find money order for seven dollars for which send me Oxien. My wife tried all kinds of medicines but got no help until she took your wonderful Food for the Nerves. It is doing wonders.

THE SOLEMN TRUTH FROM LIVING WITNESSES.

KANSAS DOCTORS DUMFOUNDED.—W. H. Lowe, Amerleus, Kansas, writes that his father was confined to his bed for months, completely broken down. When all the doctors had given him up and said he could not live, he tried Oxien. After taking one dozen tablets he was enabled to get up, walk about and enjoy himself. Its marvellous effect stirred up the neighbors, friends and whole town. Other people whose doctors had given them up also used Oxien and pronounce it the most powerful and strengthening food in existence.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION TWENTY YEARS.—Mrs. E. A. D. Whitney, Fisher Street, Peoria, Ill., says: For the last twenty years I suffered from nervous prostration, neuralgia and heart failure at times—and I was rarely ever free from pains and ills caused by weak nerves until I tried the Wonderful Food for the Nerves, Oxien. Its effects have been marvellous. I have not had a return of nervous headache since I began using it, but am perfectly well. I recommend Oxien to all those suffering from nervous weakness. It has been a blessing to me, and many of my friends have also been restored to health by it.

OHIO DOCTORS COULD DO NOTHING.—Mrs. John Houghlan, Sharon Centre, Ohio, writes that her husband was subject to fits for a long time and that the doctors could do nothing to help him. With the use of Oxien the attacks ceased and ever since taking this wonderful Food for the Nerves he has had no sign of his old trouble.

CURED AT THE AGE OF FIFTY-TWO.—Mrs. Ellen E. S. Phillips, St. Augustine, Fla., age fifty-two, was for years a great sufferer from nervous prostration; had no appetite; could not sleep; looked miserable and would start at the least sound. Just to sweep the hall obliged her to rest several hours. The use of Oxien improved her so much, she says, that she now can sweep, scrub, work in the garden and keep on the go all the time. "I am well and strong again, and several others to whom I have given this wonderful Food for the Nerves have all experienced the same improvement."

MASSACHUSETTS DOCTORS FAILED.—Mr. John Slinn, General Agent Vermont Life Insurance Co., writes: A year ago I was so sick a man that my life was at one time despaired of. My pulse was so irregular as to cause me the greatest distress and alarm. My stomach was so out of order that almost everything I ate distressed me. I derived benefit from neither the local or Boston Doctors, and grew constantly worse. At this time my attention was called to Oxien and after using one Giant box I was a perfectly well man, free from nervousness, my pulse as strong and regular as twenty years ago, and I can eat a square meal of any kind of food without feeling the slightest distress. I have not a bodily ache or pain. I consider it a simple duty to say that Oxien brought me new strength and new life, and that over one hundred cases have come to my notice where Oxien has proved itself the most wonderful Food for the Nerves and health-giving remedy in existence.

PRaise FROM THE PACIFIC COAST.—A. F. Evick, The Dalles, Oregon, writes: The best thing I ever saw to help sick people is Oxien. It is truly a wonderful cure for backache, bad colds, La Grippe, headache and other diseases. One lady who had suffered from serious cold and La Grippe for a long time, and had not slept for a week, was restored by a few of the Oxien tablets.

Thousands of Testimonials like the above have been received by The Giant Oxie Company, and are Open to Public Inspection. Write us for terms and free samples to agents. You can make lots of money handling Oxien. The Giant Oxie Co., Sole Proprietors, Augusta, Maine.

place, each issuing a series of stamps in 1843. Russia followed in 1845. The U. S. did nothing until two years later. The U. S. has about 1900 varieties. The St. Louis 20c., black, 1845, is worth \$500.00, and many others are worth as much. If any of the cousins will send me some stamps for my collection, I will send them a package of good reading.

IVAN M. WALDRON, Box 32, Michie, Mich."

"Here I am again, and will tell a little about myself, as last time I told of the place where I live. I was born in Hudson, Wis., in 1877 and have lived in a hotel nearly all my life, as my father is a cook and cooks at large hotels most of the time. But at present he has a lunch counter in a saloon here in Phillips, and I have to work there. Although I do work in a saloon, I never use liquor, tobacco, or profane language; but I like to read novels. I do not care for adventures or detective stories.

RUF J. FRIEDMAN, Phillips, Wis."

Be sure to stick to your resolution not to use liquor or tobacco, my boy, and don't read too many novels, for I am afraid that will make a "girl-boy" out of you.

"I am a farmer boy 16 years old, and live on a farm in southern Washington. I go to school in winter, and help with the work in summer. We raise fruit, such as plums, pears, apples, peaches, quinces and grape. With the blackberries, strawberries, and all the rest of the minor fruits, this is a great fruit country. My cousin who is staying with us takes COMFORT, and we enjoy it so much. I wish some of the cousins would write to me, a lonely farmer boy.

JACK EVERTON, Tucker, Cowitz Co., Wash."

Bidding you all good-bye for this time, I am your affectionate,

UNCLE JOSEPHUS.

## NOBLE THOUGHTS.

Point thy tongue on the anvil of truth.—Pin-dar.

There lies more faith in honest doubt,  
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

—Tennyson.

The cord that binds too tightly snaps itself.—Tennyson.

To be trusted is a greater compliment than to be loved.—George Macdonald.

"Truth can be outraged by silence quite as cruelly as by speech."

Emerson said of Lincoln: His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it for the memory of a wrong.

## VISIT YOUR PARENTS.

If you live in the same place, let your steps be—if possible daily—familiar in the old home; if you are miles—many miles—away, make it a

duty to visit your parents. In this matter do not regard time or expense; the one is well spent, and the other will be fully, even a hundredfold, repaid. When some day the word reaches you, flashed over the telegraph, that your father or mother is gone, you will not think them much, those hours of travel, which bore you to the loved one's side.

## - OXIE -

Trade Mark.

## THE WONDERFUL FOOD FOR THE NERVES.

"A NATURAL NERVE NOURISHMENT, FROM NATURE'S FOUNTAINS OF NUTRITION."

Gives Giant Strength, Health and Vigor to young and old, after everything else has failed.

OXIEN is a NATURAL FOOD FOR THE NERVES, BLOOD, AND BRAIN—not a stimulant. It produces real, not artificial, strength; and its effects are lasting, not temporary. It gives vitality and vigor to the entire system, and promotes healthy action of all the organs. It is unlike anything ever discovered, and nothing equals it as a relief and cure for Nervous Prostration, Starved Nerves, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Constipation, and other stomach disorders, Bronchitis, Colds, Coughs, Catarrhal Affections, Palpitation of the Heart, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Scrofula, Defect in Hearing, Smell, or Taste, Sick-headache, General Debility, Chills and Fever, Malarial Troubles, Irregularity, and La Grippe.

Many thousands have found that OXIEN restores lost Strength, Health, and Hope, and their written testimony is oxen to public inspection at the office of the undersigned.

Price One Dollar for Giant Boxes.  
Small Boxes, thirty-five cents each.

**A BIG OFFER** 50c. MADE IN A MINUTE! If you will hang up in the P. O., or some public place, the two show bills that we send, we will give you a 50c. cert., and send it in advance with sample and bill. This will trouble you about one minute, and then if you want to work on salary at \$50 or \$100 per month, let us know. We pay in advance.

GIANT OXIE CO., 123 Willow St., Augusta, Me.

CALIFORNIA, French Gulch, Shasta Co.—Mrs. Mary A. Wheeler writes: I was a complete nervous wreck. Oxien did me more good than anything I ever took. It also proved very beneficial in my family for La Grippe.

NEVADA, Panaca, Lincoln Co.—Mrs. Mary Gentry writes: Please send me another box of Oxien for enclosed one dollar. The wonderful Nerve Food is curing my little girl of St. Vitus' Dance. She is ten years old, and was also troubled with indigestion.

SOUTH DAKOTA, Holabird.—Henry A. Parker encloses express order for five dollars for Oxien and says: Truly it is a Nerve Food. It is doing my rheumatism lots of good, besides greatly benefiting my nervous system.

UTAH, Beaver City.—Geo. E. Owen says: I enclose six dollars for Oxien. I have used it myself and have found it good for nervousness, severe colds and other complaints.

CALIFORNIA, Cottonwood.—Mrs. A. A. Rice. "Enclosed find money order for three dollars for three Giant boxes of Oxien. One is for myself, one for the ablest physician in our town, who desires the third box for a young lady suffering from nervous prostration. It has so benefited and built us all up so much that the doctor cannot help recommending it."

GEORGIA, Rocky Ford.—Thomas H. Stringer. I have received the Oxien I ordered before, and it is a Godsend to the world. Enclosed find one dollar for which please send me another Giant box.

LOUISIANA, Ruston.—W. S. Johnson. I enclose Post Office order for two dollars for which please send me two boxes of Oxien. I have used one box and find it is better suited to my case than anything I have ever used. Success to your wonderful Food for the Nerves.

VIRGINIA, Old Town.—James Williams. Enclosed find six dollars for which please send me Oxien. All I have already sold has given satisfaction and the parties are now wanting more as soon as I can get it.

IOWA, Forest City.—Mrs. Arda J. Spicer. A party here was so bad with rheumatism that he could not lie in bed. He was in great pain, and threatened with rheumatism of the heart. After taking three boxes of Oxien he was cured. He said "It is just the thing for rheumatism."

TEXAS, Malakoff.—James M. Mitcham. Enclosed find ten dollars for which please send another lot of Oxien. I find that it is good for La Grippe, also cough and whooping cough.

MISSOURI, Hantville.—S. E. A. Ramsey. Enclosed find five dollars for Oxien. Please send by return mail. A lady about four miles from here, with an infant two weeks old, had taken cold and was about to die. This was a good chance to try your wonderful Food for the Nerves. I gave her Oxien every two hours. The next day she was easy and not only up again, but well and doing her work. I have sold it to others with the same result.

WASHINGTON, Block House.—Mrs. N. A. Gilman writes: Enclosed find five dollars for your wonderful Food for the Nerves. There is a great demand for it here. One woman who had been confined to her bed for fifteen weeks was cured by one box of Oxien.

WAS UNABLE TO STAND ON HIS LEGS.—P. O. Olson, Vine Street, Paterson, N. J., reports: My daughter's little boy was so weak for a long time that he was not able to stand on his legs. Oxien made him strong, healthy and happy, and he can run across the floor like lightning. This wonderful Food for the Nerves also relieved me of a terrible catarrh and heart trouble, from which I had suffered for years.

WOULD HAVE BEEN DEAD.—Mrs. William W. Hineley, Highlands, Colo.: "I was afflicted with the worst stomach trouble I ever knew of, and thought at times I had cancer of the stomach. Oxien cured me and all my friends agree in saying that my cure was truly wonderful. Others here who have tried it for similar complaints have derived the same happy results, and a bedridden consumptive, after taking three boxes of Oxien, came to my house and told me that she knew she would have been dead were it not for this wonderful food."

COULDN'T WALK—NO APPETITE—COULDN'T SLEEP.—Mr. M. Logsdon, San Bernardino, Cal., sends thirty dollars for Oxien and says: "This wonderful Food for the Nerves cured my wife, who was sick for five years. Three small boxes and two large ones made her well and stout and she is a first-class walking advertisement. It also cured me of La Grippe and many other people here, among them a lady who was sick with kidney trouble—could not walk, had no appetite, and was so nervous that she could not sleep at night. I sold the fifteen dollar lot I bought of you in three days. I first sold the food to folks who have been sick a long time, and as they get well they boom the wonderful food among others."

THOUGHT SHE MUST DIE.—Julia M. Perry, Marysburg, Minn., writes: I was sick in bed with heart ailment and other troubles so common to my sex. I thought I could not live, so great was the distress in my back and stomach. Nothing did me any good until I took Oxien. The very first dose helped me. You can use this testimony if you choose.

MORE GOOD THAN FOUR DOCTORS.—Mahala M. Remsburg, Middletown, Md., writes: The best results have followed the use of Oxien, the wonderful Food for the Nerves. My case was a bad one and one box of Oxien did me more good than four doctors.

AFFLICTED FOR SEVEN YEARS.—Mrs. Jethro Sharpe, Worden, Ills. "I have used one Giant box of Oxien and am sure it has done me more good than all medicines. Our little girl has been afflicted with a nervous disorder for seven years. Since using Oxien her mind is better and she is improving fast. I myself have been in the hands of doctors for the past two years, but they could do me no good. Thank God! I am now better and do not get tired while trying to work, and I give Oxien the praise due it for what it has done."

NINE HUNDRED DOLLARS WASTED.—W. W. Fleming, Dundee, Michigan, writes: "I had a paralytic stroke January, 1891, and lost the use of my right side. I spent nearly nine hundred dollars for electric belts and everything I could hear of, but got no help from them. Oxien is the only thing that did me any good and it has done wonders for me. This is my first trial at writing since I was taken sick."





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THE man who placed a brass band around a bulldog's neck because he believed "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," hadn't seen enough of this sinful world. If he had ever loaned his ear to a Chinese Concert he would have opened his eyes to the fact that as soothing syrup the Heathen's Hula-laloo is a dead failure and that for riot-inciting noises John comes pretty near holding the fort against the world.

It is only when the gay, untutored citizen of Bagdad turns himself loose amid the perfumes of Arabia that all other noises become tongue-tied, and John Chinaman's distinguished racket is squelched, sat upon and put to sleep, and the Fourth of July racket of the North American small boy becomes a slumbering symphony. One of the curious superstitions of the mahometans is the belief that eclipses are caused by a huge evil spirit who endeavors to make off with the obscured planet; and the blood-curdling noises they inaugurate on such occasions is well calculated to cause the Old Harry himself to drop it and scoot. The total population



gathers on the flat house-tops and with the firing of guns, beating tinware, banging gongs, pounding sheepskin, shrieking and bawling, frighten any unfortunate European, who may happen to be around, into the belief that a general massacre is occurring. Their performance sounds like fricasseed thunder, lightning, railroad whistling, Wagner's music and the notes of the Laughing Jackass, all rolled together and ladled out by nine-jointed steam calliopes. Our illustration is copied from a photograph on the wall of the writer's memory.

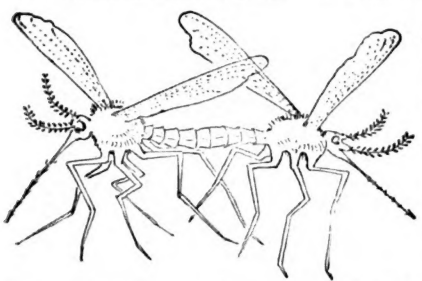
Curiously enough the natives call this planet-poketing evil spirit "Jin," and speculating people will doubtless wonder whether it is any relative of our Gin.

PEOPLE who dote on poetry will hail with pleasure the coming of the "Melancholy days, the saddest of the year," when the lamentations of the fatality poet will again ring through the land, with

Bridget, we shall always miss you,  
And we'll miss your sunny smile,  
Had the oil been still larger,  
You'd have gone about a mile.

or,  
Do not weep for little Johnny,  
He is in the golden camp,  
Quickly he was hoisted skyward,  
By the non-explosive lamp.

Now that Massachusetts is going to send a real live



spouting whale to the World's Fair, to give visitors an idea of the size of her fish, it behooves other States to decide upon equally novel and instructive exhibits. New Jersey should by all means send a



caged specimen of her recently discovered Twin-Sting Mosquito whose enormous size and fore-and-aft fang arrangement enable it to draw blood from two persons at the same time or from one person in two different places. This new swamp angel has been christened *Vampire Americanus* by the Snake Editor of a New York journal and its bite is said to put a live electric wire to sleep or to draw blood from the cheek of a Hoboken hackman. Kentucky can safely pin her faith to the Eight-legged Mule which can kick towards every point of the compass without moving out of its tracks; while the Keystone State might send the Philadelphia maiden who is so modest that she never changes her mind without going into the next room. Maryland should come to the front with that most unfortunate citizen of Baltimore who is so ugly looking that he gets licked a dozen times a day by people who fancy he is making faces at them. Alabama would readily make a name in history by sending the colored girl whose hair is curled so very tight she cannot shut her mouth without swallowing her head; and Maine—well, her fishermen will send a Piping Plover from Passamaquoddy Pond if New York will follow suit with her Antler-headed, Spike-backed, Glass-eyed, Propeller-tailed Sea Serpent which drove the Fair to Chicago.

SEPTEMBER usually finds the nice young man and his father back in the city, while womankind lingers behind at the seaside or mountain resort, mopes about the broad piazzas and complains bitterly that there is no fun or excitement going on. Eating four or five times a day, changing gowns for every meal, and then not to have even a partner for the hop, the moonlight stroll or midnight tete-a-tete! These things have wrought wrinkles of discontent upon the brow of many a fair summer boarder.

If the stupid men only knew how to go to work they could easily organize excitement parties that would fill the lagging hours with rushing events. I was an ear-witness to a little affair of this kind down in Virginia a few seasons ago which showed what an amount of Simon-pure sensation a few public-spirited men can furnish to a hotel full of ladies, if they go about it in the right way.

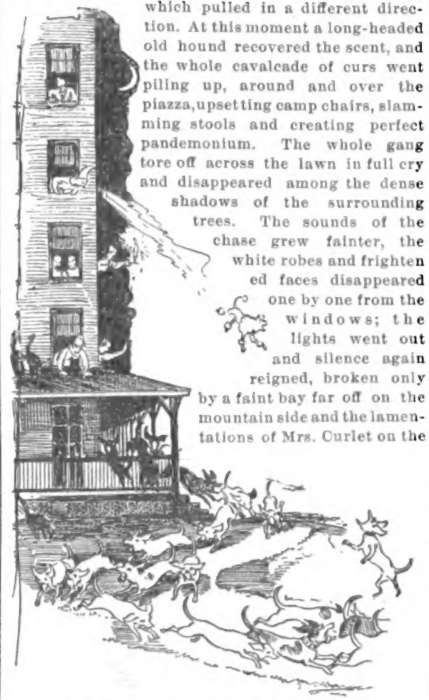
The Wilderness Hotel was at the time filled with two hundred and forty-seven longing, languishing ladies and five suffering men. Excitement was what the ladies raved for, and going to bed with the chickens was what they kicked against, to use an ancient scriptural phrase.

It finally became a case of life and death with the men, and the way they made Rome howl was a caution. Under pretence of going on a fishing trip they rode to the nearest villages and plantations—some twenty-five miles off—and organized a surprise party, the principal ingredients of which were midnight, two packs of hungry hounds, a dead fox, one live mule, one ditto darkey, and Egyptian secrecy on the part of all concerned.

After contracting with the Ethiopian to report for duty, with pack and pelt, the following evening at ten o'clock, at a point about a mile and a half from the hotel, the quintette of excitement promoters quietly returned towards evening, with "fisherman's luck." Their program was this: After arriving at the selected spot at the hour named, with the dogs—forty-seven in all, of all ages, breeds and conditions—duly secured, the darky was to leave them in charge of an assistant, and, mounted on his mule, drag the fox toward the hotel criss-crossing the hills and valleys around it. Dismounting, as he neared the hostelry, he was to cautiously approach and drag the fox along the wide porches and piazzas, and thence, again mounting, proceed at right angles to the direction by which he had come, to a point within hearing distance and then, by a circuitous route, work back toward the hotel again, timing his arrival just an hour after his first visit, and there repeat the operation. He was to cover twenty-three miles in all. He was to leave no stone unturned, as it were. He was to receive a dollar for every mile traversed, and he was to be killed in case he failed to carry out his part. He still lives, for he carried it out to a T.

The hour of half-past ten always found the occupants of the Wilderness Hotel wrapped in blankets and slumber, and at just that time, from down in the valley there came floating the first baying of the hounds. Every moment it swelled louder and louder. Every kind of note from the short falsetto yelps of the beagle to the sweet, mellow bays of the English fox hound and the deep bass boom of the old Virginia deer hound. On they came! Like a cyclone of war-

whoops set to music. Up went a window, and a night-robed figure peeped anxiously out. Another, and still another, until each one of two hundred and forty-seven windows framed a modest maiden or mature madonna. By this time the dogs had reached the rounding driveway leading to the hotel. Up they raced, yelping, howling, baying, hot on the trail. In a moment the lawn was covered with them, and judging from the racket there seemed to be a million. Suddenly they lost the scent, for old *Africanus* had done his work well, and the entire pack fell over each other, skirmishing and rummaging in every direction. Only a man who occupied a reserved seat when pandemonium was let loose could have any idea of the conglomeration of noises which rent the midnight air in twain. Lights began to flash in every window and on every side, and with squeals of alarm and fright a couple of hundred Juliets, half-awake, poked out their heads in the vain endeavor to see what was up. The pet poodle of Mrs. Curlet who occupied an upper front room with his mistress, overcame with excitement, jumped out of the window and was instantly seized by a score of eager dogs, each of which pulled in a different direction. At this moment a long-headed old hound recovered the scent, and the whole cavalcade of curs went piling up, around and over the piazza, upsetting camp chairs, slamming stools and creating perfect pandemonium. The whole gang tore off across the lawn in full cry and disappeared among the dense shadows of the surrounding trees. The sounds of the chase grew fainter, the white robes and frightened faces disappeared one by one from the windows; the lights went out and silence again reigned, broken only by a faint bay far off on the mountain side and the lamentations of Mrs. Curlet on the



untimely end of her apoplectic poodle.

In due time Old Uncle Pete again loomed up and made his second round, dismounted as before, dragged the fox around, the house up over the other half of the piazza and down the front steps, and disappeared down the driveway as quietly as he had come. And presently, after all the timid inmates had quieted down and gone to sleep, the faint chorus of hounds was again heard. As before it grew louder and louder. Down rushed the avalanche of purps of almost every kind that could follow a trail, ripping, scrambling, scratching over the piazza, helter-skelter, over, under and through railings, lattice and everything in their path, through the shrubbery and over the flower beds, with the racket of bedlam itself. Up went all the windows again, and out popped the frowsy-looking heads. Squeals and shouts swelled the chorus. Meanwhile the pack, after scrambling all over everything in every direction, started down the road again and finally the baying died away in the distance and in the small hours of the morning. By this time, the ladies who had been craving "excitement evenings" were so thoroughly and completely gratified that they sat up the rest of the night. The five conspirators went to bed and slept the sleep of the just. As for the poodle, his collar and the tuft of whiskers which grew on the end of his tail were all that ever was found.

#### COMFORTERS.

A stout heart crushes ill luck.  
A closed mouth catcheth no flies.  
A word spoken is an arrow let fly.  
One foot is better than two crutches.  
A word often hurts more than a wound.  
A little body often harbors a great soul.  
A good name keeps its lustre in the dark.  
A pullet in the pen is worth a hundred in the fen.

An evening red and morning gray  
Will set the traveler on his way.  
But if the evening's gray and the morning red,  
Put on your hat or you'll wet your head.

#### FIDELITY.

Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather around, when sickness falls upon the heart, when all the world is dark and cheerless, is the time to try true friendship. The heart that has been touched with true gold will redouble its efforts when the friend is sad and in trouble. Adversity tries true friendship. They who run from the scenes of distress betray their hypocrisy and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend that loves you, who has studied your interest and happiness, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated and that his love was not thrown away.

#### NUTSHELL TRUTHS.

If certain people would follow the advice "know thyself" they would form very low acquaintances.

Courage, like cowardice, may be contagious, but some people are not liable to catch it.

Some people never knew they had a heart or friend until they had unhappily lost it.

There is many a man who might govern multitudes if he could only govern himself.

The more drama a man takes the fewer scruples he will have.

The reason some folks are forever catching cold is because they don't keep their mouths closed enough.

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